JOHN BULL, week ending NOVEMBER 15, 1941.

JOHN BULL

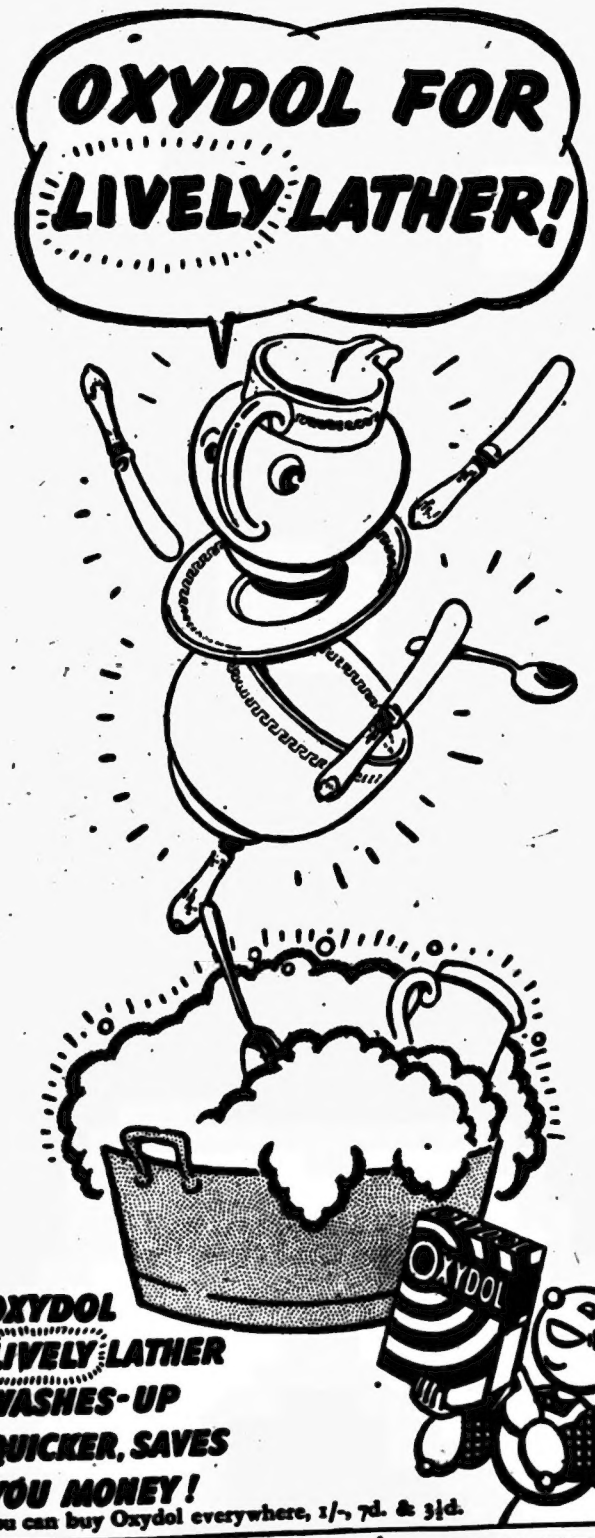
VOL. LXX 1848

2½D EVERY THURSDAY

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER

HITLER'S TWO-WAY GAMBLE by A. G. G.

CAMERA ACE'S AMAZING ADVENTURES



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Ask a doctor about the danger from germs in dirt—he'll horrify you! And you'll be glad you have Family Health Soap's antiseptic lather to protect you and your family. Wash with it regularly—when you get up, when you go to bed, whenever you come in and before every meal. It's your surest safeguard against infection.

First Aid Tips from the Family Health Warden

BURNS *Important thing is to keep air away from the burn. Immerse affected part in tepid water, then dress wound with strips of lint or gauze soaked in a solution of a dessertspoonful of baking soda in a pint of warm water*

KH 75-96-65 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B than ¼-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

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Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST . . . the Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

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"I feel like Columbus! . . . . . Although I knew they'd been producing this excellent wine in England for some fifty years I've only now discovered just how very good it is. And notice the price! Not so easy to find nowadays but well worth the trouble."

RICH RUBY ★ 3/9 PER BOTTLE

V.P. RICH RUBY *A rich, full bodied, generous wine of Port character, mellow and mature.*

V.P. BRITISH SHERRY *is a fully matured medium sherry of delightful aroma and delicacy.*

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THE BEST VALUE ON THE MARKET

★ *Still made from stocks of fine tobaccos carefully selected and stored in large quantities to ensure that the De Reszke standard of quality is maintained.*

20 FOR 1/1D

10 FOR 6½D

Cork-tipped as well as Plain

16 FOR 10½D

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WINTER FITTER THAN EVER

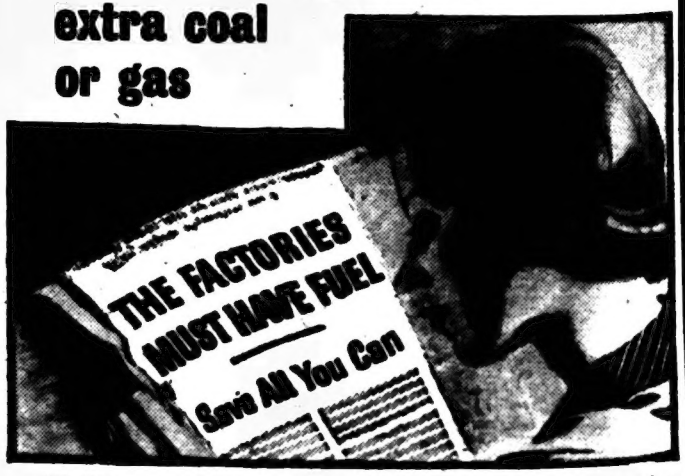
Colds and chills need not trouble you; you'll experience the rich glow of real fitness this Winter if you remember to take Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

Bile Beans not only tone up the system, and ensure healthy regularity, but also improve your figure, complexion and vitality. Start with Bile Beans tonight!

BILE BEANS Brand Film

IMPROVE HEALTH AND FIGURE

How to do the weekly wash without using a ha'perth of extra coal or gas



NO-BOIL METHOD SAVES TIME AND WORK, TOO

THE Government asks us to save fuel so that the factories won't go short. And here's how every housewife can do so.

Instead of lighting the copper and *boiling* your clothes, *soak* them clean. Use the hot water as it comes from the tap, make a rich lather with Rinso and leave the clothes in it for 15 minutes.

If they're very dirty, a little Rinso smoothed on the damp garments to form a paste gets the dirt out without you having to rub hard at all.

When you get the clothes on the line—a good hour and a half before you normally would—you'll say you've never had a better-looking line of washing. Whites are snowy, coloureds brilliant!

And you'll have the joy of knowing that the coal or gas you've saved on the wash will help the factories turn out more tanks, more guns, more munitions. Go to it next washday—with the Rinso no-boil method.

B 31230-760-65 *R. S. Hudson Ltd.*

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 15, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

★TO OUR READERS

JOHN BULL has always been zealous in watching its readers' interests; and, even under difficult war-time conditions, we can claim to have maintained all the features that have made our paper a British institution.

Now in view of the acute paper shortage and increase in production costs, we must make a slight advance in price.

As from next week JOHN BULL will cost 3d. instead of 2½d.; but it will still be unrivalled value.

All our popular editorial sections will be retained and the full facilities of our Free Advice Service and Free Air Raid Insurance will be available for registered readers as before.

Straight from the Shoulder

BIG MOVES AFOOT

WE are clearing the decks for action.

Russia, despite her jagged wounds, still fights back strongly. She is fortified by help from Britain and the U.S.A.—help that is steadily becoming a constant stream of convoys.

More active help is now taking shape.

Cabinet Changes

Parliament's holiday has given the Prime Minister time to reorganise his Cabinet, whose members have their policy and functions more clearly defined.

At last it is to be a fighting policy.

Indeed, it must be—for public discontent at a sitting-down war has become too marked to be ignored any longer.

Those Boys in Blue

To say that is not to disparage the valiant and aggressive work of the Royal Navy and the R.A.F.

We know—and the enemy knows—how the sleek, swift destroyers and the rocking corvettes of the Navy, the Hudsons and Blenheims of Coastal Command, are shattering the Nazis' U-boats and merchantmen.

Enter the Army

But there have been impatient demands, from soldiers and "armchair critics" alike, plus a plain hint from M. Stalin, that the Army should begin the job for which it was formed.

Its chance is coming. It will soon be in the front line. Immense, decisive actions are indicated by the present war situation.

World's Centre

The centre of this world war has shifted from Moscow to the Black Sea.

The Nazi thrust southwards aims at cutting off the Russian armies from their life-blood—oil—and from British military support.

Moreover, a conqueror of the Caucasus would dominate Europe, Asia and Africa. Persia and Irak, India and Egypt would be directly imperilled.

General Wavell will not idly allow this threat to develop.

Second Thoughts

Japan is thinking twice before opening her offensive in the Chinese province of Yunnan to cut the Burma Road and thence to push across towards India.

But if her second thoughts are as suicidal as her first, then the weight of Britain, Australia and the United States must be hurled against her.

The battle might be hard, but the outcome would be sure: The Land of the Rising Sun would be set for obscurity and ruin.

Western Front

Now glance westwards. The Battle of the Atlantic goes well for us.

Admiral Land announces that U.S. shipyards have caught up with our shipping losses, though we still need all the ships our own yards can produce.

But the sinking of American warships has launched a wave of fury that is splitting the Isolationists and promises the President support for any drastic move he wishes to take.

Squeezing the Turks

Fourth focal point on the atlas is Turkey.

It has been out of the news lately. It may soon make the headlines again, for the Nazi drive to the south closes the pincers around the Turkish coasts, and a vast Nazi air armada is being concentrated in the Balkans.

Strip for It

So tremendous new clashes are foreshadowed.

Meanwhile, we in this tiny country are faced with the mightiest task of organisation since war began. We must prepare for total war.

After two years of the fiercest war ever known, we are not yet stripped for action. Our hands are still tied; we are at the mercy of muddlers and racketeers.

Call to Arms

Now an effort is to be made to mobilise the whole nation.

And again workers in some industries are being asked to work all day and every day.

Warning Note

Two warnings must be uttered.

From the very beginning of the war JOHN BULL has been the strongest advocate of total mobilisation of our resources.

But general conscription will cause general consternation unless it is applied with discrimination and unless regular work is assured to all.

Man Shortage

Germany now finds itself badly in need of technicians and other specialists who were pushed into the Reichswehr.

Germany thought she could do without them for a short war.

Perhaps she could, but a long war has hit her where it hurts most.

Human Plunder

That is why she is plundering Europe for factory workers. But there are some shortages she cannot make up.

For example, Germans are openly criticising the lack of news in their papers because so many journalists have been killed!

And Germany has found that overlong factory hours do not pay. So hours are being scaled down, holidays allowed again.

Square Pegs

Let us heed this Nazi lesson. Let us beware of robbing industry of its key-workers and depressing the health of the others by seven-day weeks.

Let us have fewer of those ill-advised prosecutions against workers.

It is a denial of justice, a waste of skill, to force machine hands into office jobs.

Costly Nonsense

Everyone should be encouraged to volunteer—even after being conscripted or "directed"—for the sort of work for which he or she is best fitted.

Too much red tape, too little common sense, forces square pegs into round holes. And the national economy and individual morale are all the poorer.

Don't Rush

There is another costly defect in the nation's economy. Sudden spurts are of less value to our war effort than smooth and sustained output.

We regard with regret, therefore, new appeals to our workers to perform superhuman feats.

They are no compensations for bad organisation.

Bad Staff Work!

Last winter, when many workers were asked to toil fourteen hours a day seven days a week, many others were idle.

Alas! JOHN BULL'S postbag brings evidence that the same infuriating contrasts are as common this winter.

No Surprise

Our postbag has been all the heavier since we advised Ministers to make surprise visits to the factories.

Ex-soldiers who served at Dunkirk, who know how cruelly they suffered in Flanders from lack of equipment, tell us that their "hearts ache" at the muddle they find in war factories.

Explanations Wanted

Perhaps a certain aircraft firm had too many workers. But why were eighty of them simply sacked instead of being transferred to other work?

Perhaps a ship goes down, so that raw material cannot reach a certain factory. Why not tell the workers why they will be idle for a few days?

Perhaps the workers must be moved. But why strain their health, waste travel and time, by moving them scores of miles instead of finding them work near their homes?

According to Plan

Those are the questions that must be answered by a reconstructed Cabinet. And remedies must be found for the defects they expose.

We expect our Ministers to mobilise all Britain's resources. But they must do so according to a well-considered plan, for rush tactics won't win this war.

Action Stations!

They need not fear calling us all to action.

We shall fight and work with a good heart.

We shall do both triumphantly if the wasteful obstacles now in our midst are cleared away

(Continued overleaf)

SCRAP THE LOT

● **You're an observant multitude—you readers of JOHN BULL.**

A fortnight ago, we asked you to provide more shells and bombs by turning out every scrap of paper and other "waste" you could find.

Many of you have done more than that. You have put the authorities on the track of forgotten hoards of scrap.

One reader points out that in London alone there are thousands of empty shops, their windows full of empty cartons and the floors littered with display cards and paper. Indeed, there are too many empty cartons in most shop windows.

We suggest that local authorities should be given power to enter empty premises to clear away the rubbish so urgently needed for the manufacture of war weapons.

And we hope every householder will ransack the home for materials that can be spared.

If you have the slightest doubt whether you'll ever need them—scrap the lot!

If you have difficulty in getting the stuff collected—write to JOHN BULL about it!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MR. AND MRS. CECIL CAMPBELL were the City of London's Good Samaritans. During the heavy raids, they went out to help their neighbours.

Returning from an errand of mercy last December, a bomb whistled down upon them.

Both lost their right legs.

Beggarly

In July, Mr. Campbell was granted a pension of 34s. 2d. a week, his wife received 24s. 2d.

But last month the miserly Ministry of Pensions decided that this prodigality must cease.

So Mr. Campbell now gets only 20s. 6d. and his wife 9s. 8d.

Should They Be Paupers!

No, their amputated legs haven't grown again. And they are not yet fit for work.

Thus, as Mr. Campbell cannot support his wife, she has to try to feed, clothe and house herself on 9s. 8d. a week.

When she protested, she was told to apply for help from the relieving officer!

Cast Adrift

Brinley Evans, of Pentrebach, is twenty. When his ship was torpedoed last April, he and a few other men got away in a small boat.

They were adrift in the Atlantic for six days and nights, their food being one biscuit and two tablespoonfuls of water every twenty-four hours.

Brinley's health was so shattered that he will find it hard to earn his living in future. But his pension of 34s. 2d. has been reduced to 5s.

The Miser

So, you see, we have no reason to abate our criticism of the Ministry of Pensions—criticism now echoed by the daily Press.

We regard that Ministry as the meanest in Whitehall and an insult to the public it is supposed to serve.

The cases of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and Brinley Evans will not be forgotten by JOHN BULL—nor, we hope, by the public.

Badge-Mad

We don't care a hang about the new National Fire Service badge. Nor, we think, do the firemen.

They and we would rather Mr. Morrison's badge-mad designers gave attention to the evil of big N.F.S. posts being given to inexperienced outsiders, while good officers are sacked to make room for them.

N.F.S. is coming to mean National Fire Scandal.

Salute-Crazy

Moreover, in these days of paper shortage, less space should be given to long-winded regulations about the way firemen should behave when an officer visits their mess-room or passes them in the street.

Going Far

Lord Leathers' "cut-down-transport" scheme should be extended. We could outline dozens of ways.

Destroyers and other naval craft are built in a southern port. In the last war, all the upholstery was done by a local firm. In this war, the materials and men are sent down from Glasgow, the local firm starved of orders.

Loads of Onions

Another example: An Isle of Wight trader needs two tons of onions to supply his registered customer and has grown a ton himself.

But he has to send that ton to London. In time, no doubt, he will receive two tons from London.

Idle Workshops

There is still trouble over production.

A trade union delegate complains bitterly that many Clydeside firms are shut for the week-end. A JOHN BULL reader, leaving Clydebank in disgust, says that fifty electricians in the yard had been idle for three weeks—yet more electricians were being engaged.

Double Pay

A munitions worker received double pay for working on Sunday—making cigarette-lighters for himself. He had nothing else to do.

In another factory, men have been making bookshelves and a wine cupboard for the "guv'nor"—and made them three times over before he was satisfied.

From factory after factory come reports of workers wasting days on painting white lines on the floors and "tidying up" in preparation for a bigwig's visit.

Cause for Complaint

Obviously, there should be far more efficient supervision of war factories.

Even then, workers will have cause for complaint unless they are told why they are sometimes kept idle—for shortage of raw materials may not always be due to bad organisation.

Short Commons

There must, besides, be better feeding facilities. Promises of official action won't keep the workers fit.

No canteen exists at a bomb and motor factory in Yorkshire, though some of the men and girls live ten or twelve miles away.

And that's the position in thousands of other firms.

Army on Paper

"An army marches on its stomach," said Napoleon. "It should be fed on paper," says General Blimp.

Company officers complain they are almost submerged by masses of forms. So are N.C.O.s and men in the technical units.

Reams of It

If a small tear appears in the covering of an Army lorry, details have to be submitted in quadruplicate.

A six-inch tear may entail three hours' writing and perhaps twenty sheets of paper.

The red-taped gentry of the War Office can't have heard of Lord Beaverbrook.

Godsend to Spies!

But they should issue yet another regulation, even if only for the edification of people like Capt. Sir W. S. Worthington-Evans.

Summoned for failing to immobilise a car, he is said to have left it open in a car park all night "with valuable secret documents in it."

We hope he considers himself lucky to have been fined £1.

Ack-ack, Feet-feet

During the terrific expansion of the A.A. batteries, Whitehall decided to give them men who could not stand up to infantry work.

"The Ack-ack don't do any real marching, so give them the hobblers." As a result, the A.A. has more men with foot trouble than any other section of the Army.

Yet there is not a single trained chiropodist attached for that purpose to any Ack-ack regiment.

Unwanted Women

"There's a war job for every woman," our Ministers chorus like a pack of bullfrogs.

They talk before they think.

A woman of fifty has had her name on the exchange books for a year. Tired of waiting, she asked to be trained as a munition worker.

"Too old," they said. "Far too old."

A Different War

In the last war, a woman did her bit as a postal sorter. Now she's fifty-three—but strong and fit—and she'd like to be a sorter again.

"Too old," they tell her.

And they call this a total war!

Weary Wait

Near Rickmansworth there's a shortage of wardens. So, six weeks ago, a recruiting effort was made and several men volunteered.

But they're not wardens yet. Rickmansworth says they must wait until instruction classes can be arranged.

Yes, it's the same old total war.

Costly Curtains

Essex education committee apparently thinks the war will last another ten years. For it has sanctioned the blacking-out of Barking youth movement premises at a cost of £977.

We wager that youth would have done the job a lot cheaper.

Swindled Evacuees

The week's sorriest story concerns a Liverpool boy who, evacuated to Wales, had to be brought home because the woman with whom he had been billeted said her mother was ill.

When the boy's ration book was taken to the Liverpool food office for the address to be changed, it was found that all his rations had been drawn a fortnight in advance.

"Write at once to the Abergele food office," was the official advice. The mother did so—but has had no answer.

Tax Twist

A bombed-out reader has had to move far away from his work. Seeking a travelling allowance rebate on his income-tax, he was refused it because he is a weekly-waged clerk and not a manual worker.

For years we've been wanting to meet the chuckle-headed tax official responsible for such idiotic distinctions. So, we understand, have harassed tax inspectors.

Answer, Please

From august officialdom, too, we should like answers to two questions.

Is it true, first, that in one Army unit 6d. has been stopped from each man's pay for Poppy Day?

Secondly, are Ministry of Shipping officials in Mayfair expected to sleep in an insanitary basement leading directly to a lavatory?

Naturally, JOHN BULL hopes that both answers are "No."

Sweated Labour

So far as we know, no one has ever been able to explain why officialdom makes the worst master.

Somerset education committee, for example, has given a war bonus since April to teachers, clerks, caretakers and other staff, yet refuses a rise to a man who handles the work of four village schools, evacuation business, and cash payments totalling nearly £3,000 a year.

His own payment for the job is £30 a year.

Behind the News

- **U.S.A. warning to Finland annoyed Hitler because Finn public is war-weary and Nazis banked on leadership of Finn officers in Russian winter conditions.**

- *German civilians have been "invited" to offer half their blankets and warm underclothes to the armies in Russia as a patriotic gesture.*

- Seyss-Inquart, Nazi governor of Holland, has been warned by Berlin that he will be liquidated if he does not pacify the Dutch before next year.

- **Nazi engineers have been trying since 1939 to complete a raid-proof oil pipe-line from Rumania to Germany. Though not yet half done, it has been mysteriously and heavily damaged by dynamite.**

- *Women and children in occupied countries are warned there will be little if any food for them unless the men work for or in Germany.*

- Sidelight on German cynicism about official Nazi communiqués: Travellers report that popular joke (forbidden under penalty) is that after the war R.A.F. will find that only military objectives are left in Germany.

- **Gallant little Luxemburg! Only three Quislings could be found there; public's attitude has caused the dismissal of three Gauleiters in a year.**

- *Schacht, former Reichsbank chief, has refused to take over financial reorganisation of occupied Russia, saying that job is impossible except with Soviet co-operation.*

- Owing to extensive sabotage, Nazis are now forced either to return 50,000 wagons and 3,000 locomotives stolen from France or face the loss of invaluable French produce. If returned, more wholesale sabotage is feared.

- **Quisling plot to get hold of several millions of French gold in West Indian island of Martinique has been foiled by U.S.A. authorities.**

- *Education of children over fourteen is shortly to be ended in Germany; the youngsters are needed in the factories.*

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER!

PEOPLE who say that the women of this country are shirking their duty ought to be told not to "talk daft."

Naturally, there are deliberate shirkers among women as among men, but the percentage is so small that, were Mr. Bevin to cast a conscription net over all these butterflies at once, he still would not satisfy a tithe of his requirements for woman-power.

Indeed, behind all the wrangling over conscription and behind much confused argument in the daily Press is the solid fact that, to have any substantial effect on war production, more of the younger married women *with* children must be freed to lend a hand in the factories.

In overwhelming majority the single girls and young widows are in full-time work already. So are a great many of the childless young wives. But not necessarily in urgent war work, so no doubt a comb-out is needed.

Lord Moyne, analysing the registration of women of twenty to twenty-five years of age, estimates that 90 per cent. of the single women and widows are in full-time, paid employment, but that 57 per cent. of married women are classified as *"fully occupied with household responsibilities."*

It may be fairly assumed that most of these "fully occupied" housewives have children to look after. They are not "shirkers" in any fair sense of the word.

JOHN BULL agrees that young women in non-essential industries must gradually be transferred to the auxiliary services and steadily to factories as they are completed.

But the Minister of Labour cannot hope to solve his main problem in this way, and, unless he is very careful to provide immediate work for the transferees, he may actually complicate it.

In this connection we observe with some misgiving that of the 10,000 women recently freed from the Lancashire mills by the concentration of the cotton industry, the majority seems to have vanished from the labour market altogether.

What can be the explanation of this, except that most of them were married and that no alternative work was available which would leave them free of domestic anxiety?

Here is the very core of the woman-power problem. There is no large reservoir of this power untapped except that which is formed by Great Britain's young mothers. And to talk of conscripting them is sheer nonsense.

The general public would not tolerate anything of the sort. The men in the Fighting Services would bitterly resent the compulsory calling-up of their wives.

FORTUNATELY, no compulsion is necessary. All that the Government needs to do is to free the housewives for the war work which most of them are eager to perform.

In every mother's heart the children come first, and the home second. At the outset of war the Government was reminded of this cardinal fact by scores of experienced women whose lives were devoted to social service. It paid little heed.

Now, and only now, it is beginning to realise the imperative need for crèches and day nurseries all over the country. Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister of Health, recently emphasised this need almost as though it were a new discovery.

He says that there are some 160 day nurseries open now, and that he hopes to have another 200 open before Christmas.

JOHN BULL reminds him that, *before the war*, there were day nurseries in this country caring for 170,000 children, whereas the total thus cared for to-day is probably under 20,000!

We contend, in fact, that the Government's present effort must be multiplied tenfold; yes, and perhaps much more than that.

The various care-centres for the small children of mothers doing war work must be properly staffed and adequately maintained regardless of cost.

With the approval of the Ministry of Labour many large firms in London and the provinces have already started part-time shifts for women workers. One shift comes on at 8 in the morning and works until 12.30; then another takes over the machines until 5.30 in the evening.

This experiment merits all possible encouragement. It gives the young mother a fair chance to do good war work without neglecting her home and family. Except under a half-time scheme, or by means of staggered hours, it is impossible for her to do both.

As regards the older children, we note with approval Lord Woolton's preliminary efforts to supply an increasing number of free meals in the schools. Nevertheless, to meet the urgency of the present situation, the Government will have to cater for the vast majority of elementary schoolchildren and see to it that they can be fed even in the holidays.

Obviously, the working mothers will have to be provided for on an almost equally large scale. There must be an enormous increase in the number of works canteens, British Restaurants and communal feeding centres of all kinds.

Mr. Bevin and Mr. Brown must "think bigger" than they have ever done before. And they must think along more practical lines.

WE notice that the first prosecution of a girl who refused to obey a ministerial direction involved, among other things, the question of 'bus fares and previous experience.

This girl was offered the post of store housekeeper, about which she knew nothing, and she chose instead to do a sixty-hour week in a local aircraft factory, where she could use her previous experience of machines.

No doubt there were other considerations involved, and, of course, she had no right to disobey a war-work order. But it is even more important with women than with men to avoid driving square pegs into round holes.

JOHN BULL maintains, in short, that the problem of woman-power would soon "solve itself" if the Government were to approach it with practical common-sense and intelligent sympathy.

Older women would come forward in great numbers as "Nannies" and "Grannies" to help look after the children of the young mothers anxious to do war work.

And, to all the hesitant young women now torn between their duty to the country and their duty to their homes and families, who asked, "Mother, should I go out working?" the unhesitating answer would be given: "Yes, my darling daughter!"

CALLING ALL CURS!—1: A New Series by Gerald Kersh

The Spaniels in the Lions' Den

A SPANIEL is an amiable kind of dog. He is frequently ruined by too much petting, but he'd rather lick your hand than bite it.

He is sleek, moist-eyed, affectionate and decorative. He is a playboy, given to meaningless lollopings around the floor. He likes to be near water. . . .

That, ladies and gentlemen of the gay set at X-on-Thames—and Y-on-Ribble, and Z-on-Avon—and others of your kin, is why I liken you to spaniels. There are two fundamental points of difference, however. Spaniels have courage; spaniels have loyal hearts.

* * *

Do you remember that evening in the pub I had better call "The Wild Goose," only a few weeks ago? My heart skipped a beat. It was rather horrible.

It was like dropping, in a dream, down a pothole in Time, and landing face to face with something dead, rotten, and half forgotten. I thought that your kind of set and your way of life had faded out with the vogue for Oxford bags, foul-mouthed bad manners, wild drunkenness and degeneracy at the exhausted end of the Mad Twenties.

It seemed that, like the brontosaurus, you had no *right* to be around in the world, because your day was done.

Yet there you were . . . the Lady in Mink, leading a dog like half a spider; the Man in Tweed, who proudly boasted that he hadn't been quite sober since 1933; the Blonde of a Certain Age, whose only claim to distinction was the £250,000 bankruptcy of her late unlamented husband.

The Young Gent in Pin-Striped Black, who boasted of having got himself reserved . . . and the Irishman with Teeth, stale-looking as an unmade bed, who had claimed Irish Free State nationality. . . .

You were in the Saloon Bar, shamelessly flaunting yourselves. I felt, for one crazy moment, that if I took an aspirin tablet you would go away; that you weren't real.

But you were flesh and blood, well covered with the skins of beasts and the wool of sheep.

* * *

You, of course, were on the more expensive side of the pub, drinking gin-and-tonics and large Scotches. About ten yards away, in the Public Bar, making their weak mild ales last as long as possible, stood four soldiers and two sailors, trying to make their conversation audible above the uproar of your voices.

I don't think you noticed. Once or twice one of the sailors (who, perhaps, risked his life to bring over the very ox-hide that keeps your feet warm and dry) looked round the partition with an expression compounded of wonder and scorn.

The Man in Tweed changed a fiver . . . there was some quiet talk—the only time any of you lowered his voice—with reference to the possibility of a couple of bottles of whisky.

* * *

The fighting men sipped their ale and looked at one another. The Blonde of a Certain Age uttered a shrill little cry and welcomed a little man who came in at that point.

You invited the little man to X-on-Thames. There was plenty of drink, you assured him . . . even food . . . a bit of a party. At the mention of this, a baby-faced man pricked up his ears and suddenly became amiable.

The Blonde, out of a hand that twinkled with a large white diamond, dropped a £1 note and said "My turn." I saw the Lady in Mink press something that crackled into the hand of the Irishman, who then said "No, mine," and also laid down a note.

Soon you left, in a beautiful and powerful car. I dare say men drowned to get that petrol here. But you burned it up on the way back to X-on-Thames.

I have no record of what the fighting men thought.

I do not believe they went so far as to ask themselves if you were what they were fighting for.

GENERAL de GAULLE

Commander-in-Chief, Free French Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—Trouble is brewing in your camp.

You have never cared much about politics, and I don't blame you for that, because the sort of "politics" practised by many people in your country was largely responsible for its downfall.

But you are no reactionary. And last March, before starting your long journey to the Middle East, you signed a circular condemning racial propaganda among the Free French Forces.

That was a significant gesture. Unfortunately, it had little effect.

I must tell you that, during your absence abroad, anti-Jew feeling has developed to an alarming extent within the Forces you command.

Anti-Semitic propaganda has been tolerated, if not favoured, at a big Free French camp, and even at your headquarters by certain officers and N.C.O.s, who are thus playing Hitler's dirty game.

Because I know you as an honest and courageous man, I shall not detail the flagrant examples reported to me.

But I trust you will be able to suppress this dangerous "racial" nonsense as effectively as General Sikorski did in the Polish Forces—and before indignant M.P.s raise the matter in the House of Commons.

I regret the need for this appeal. I am sorry that any criticism should have to be levelled against the organisation you direct—an organisation that is the hope of the real France.

I need hardly remind you of the genuine admiration felt by Britain for those who, like yourself, refused to surrender to might and treachery, and who are doing their full share in the struggle for freedom and honesty.

But you will agree that there must be freedom in your own forces.

It would be shameful if, while many of the hostages butchered by Stulpnagel are French Jews, men wearing Free French uniforms in this country were allowed to sneer at Jewry.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., Prime Minister

DEAR SIR,—You who are often blunt of speech no doubt respected the bluntness of the Prime Minister of Burma. Let me, too, speak my mind.

I think it deplorable that you have refused a promise of Dominion status for his country immediately after the war.

Burma is not split by racial or religious antagonisms. It has served us loyally; its people are peaceful.

It should be assured the independence we have pledged to European States. And the world should not be given the impression that when we speak of fighting for liberty we justify Goebbels' sneer of "English hypocrisy."—JOHN BULL.

Councillor A. ABBERFIELD, Swansea

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—While people were being turned away from fishmongers' shops in every town, a ton of fish was allowed to rot in Swansea Dock for lack of a big buyer.

Indignantly, you demand that this scandal should be "made public and the attention of the proper authority drawn to it."

It shall be!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Your lack of skilled men for war work is all too evident. So is the cause—that we allowed our craftsmen to rot for years and did not train the young for worth-while jobs.

You have made up your mind. I hear, that in future all children should have a fair chance in life.

I fancy that your determination is shared by every intelligent citizen. And I don't think the others will dare say us "Nay."—JOHN BULL.

Alderman P. P. TAYLOR, Gloucester Education Committee

DEAR ALDERMAN,—Many children, unfortunately, are employed out of school hours. But I do not expect to hear a worse case than the example you give of a boy of twelve who was found by the school doctor to be worn out.

He worked in a bakehouse from 4.30 a.m. till 8 on schooldays, on Saturday from 6.30 till 10, then from 1.30 to 4 p.m. —all for 7s. 6d. a week.

Yet there are laws against such outrageous exploitation of the young. Why was that slave-driving baker not prosecuted?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. R. STOKES, M.P., Ipswich

DEAR SIR,—It's time you told the Commons a few more facts about the great land ramp. From your own county come two preposterous instances:

A farm for which the owner receives a net rent of £28 a year has been sold for £3,600; another worth a net rent of £126 fetched £10,000.

You and I can guess the reason for this sinister speculation. And we both agree on the way to stop it.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALFRED B. PECK, Ancient Society of College Youths

DEAR SIR,—Excuse me while I yawn.

I'm not interested in your effort to lift the ban on the ringing of church bells, and I doubt if the public will think the matter worth a lift of the eyebrow.

There are more important jobs than the provision of bell-ringing practice for your friends, and when the bells peal for victory we shan't care a chime if they are out of both tune and time.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. R. GRENFELL, M.P., Minister for Mines

DEAR SIR,—A headmaster in a mining district tells me that schoolchildren are showing signs of undernourishment.

Calling at a house recently, he found the mother of three young pit workers sobbing as she packed up their "snap" for the next day's shift—four slices of dry bread each.

Can you not champion the right of mining townships to a fair share of unrationed foods? And what has happened to those pit canteens you promised so long ago?—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Chief Liaison Officer, Home Forces

YOUR GRACE,—I've heard it said that you are rarely seen in public nowadays. That's because you are kept too busy by your work as chief liaison officer to Sir Alan Brooke, C.-in-C. Home Forces, and your frequent visits to units to see that they are "up to scratch."

I am glad to know you are not too busy to supervise the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation, which, under your name, has raised nearly £7,000,000.

For all that work behind the scenes, the public owes you much thanks.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. A. BUTLER, M.P., President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—It is a laudable aim to provide every schoolchild with a hot dinner each day.

Frankly, I don't think you will succeed. Many local authorities are lazy. Most schools have no kitchens.

Doctors urge, as a substitute, the Oslo meal—milk, wholemeal bread, cheese and fruit. It would solve all your problems and do the youngsters more good than the average hot meal.—JOHN BULL.

Lord REITH, Minister of Works

MY LORD,—No doubt you have already read "Wartime Building," that excellent report by the Association of Architects and Surveyors.

No doubt, also, you saw in it that case where three different sites for war factories were considered, how two of them were actually started and the buildings later abandoned, and how a year's work was wasted on useless drawings.

Well, I've given similar examples of muddle in these columns.

But you are not to blame. You are not master in your own house. And I think you will agree with the recommendation that your Ministry should be allowed to co-ordinate all war works and allocate all resources.

Too many Ministries have fingers in the building pie!—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Let Justice Be Done

ELIZABETH was Queen when there first appeared in English literature the maxim *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum!* — (Let Justice be done, though the heavens should fall.)

To-day, though the heavens of civilisation have not fallen, they are rent by the storms of the greatest war in history, and are darkened by the shadow of slavery, oppression and suffering.

But British justice—that incomparable quality which has served, and still serves, as a guide to other nations—pursues its course, serene, unruffled, amid the raging storms of injustice and persecution.

Its majesty may be invoked by any man. The case of Toni Mancini, Soho gangster, hanged for murdering a man in the West End, will go down in history—not only in legal history but in that greater history which is at once the record of man's frailty and his strength.

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Mancini was a worthless man. Yet he was a British citizen. Five judges in the Court of Appeal dismissed his appeal against sentence of death. Leave for further appeal to the House of Lords, supreme tribunal of the Law, was granted

Five of our greatest legal authorities, including Viscount Simon, the Lord Chancellor, heard at length arguments on which hung the fate of Mancini. The Law, in all its grandeur, paused in its stride to decide whether or not a worthless man should die.

Those five men were living symbols of the greatness of a system evolved out of the travail and suffering of the nation.

There are many facets to Justice, yet it is one eternal truth. It sat enthroned, again in the House of Lords, when the appeal of a man detained under Defence Regulation 18B was dismissed.

What comes first—Britain or Justice? If, to safeguard this country of ours, the course of justice is hampered, however slightly, can we maintain that such action is justified?

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Lord Justice Atkin, disagreeing with his four fellow Law Lords, said he was convinced that the Home Secretary had not been given unconditional authority to detain.

He said: "It has always been one of the pillars of freedom, one of the principles of liberty for which, on recent authority, we are now fighting, that judges are no respecters of persons and stand between the subject and any attempted encroachment on his liberty by the Executive."

I am not going to argue whether Lord Justice Atkin was right or wrong. The times are out of joint and, for the time being, all of us, including the Law Lords themselves, have sacrificed some of those personal liberties we held so dear.

The case of Mancini and the case of the man detained under Regulation 18B are big things in themselves. But they pale into nothingness beside the greater, all-embracing cage being decided on the battlefields of the world to-day.

The two individual cases are tiny offshoots of the greater case.

Justice in the commonly accepted sense of the word is the product of the courts of law.

But in its greatest sense it expresses everything for what we are fighting. It is Truth, Liberty, Honour, Decency, all in one. It is the bulwark of our homes, the foundation-stone of our existence.

Justice will prevail.

Then, in the words of Magna Carta, "To no one will we deny justice; to no one will we delay it."

WAR THRILLS of CAMERA ACE

JIM JARCHÉ, Britain's ace Press photographer, just back from the war in the Middle East, begins this week the story of his adventures. He takes you close up to the lads in the ranks —and the Generals, Admirals and Air Marshals—in his talks with MAURICE FAGENCE

ACCORDING to rumour, we were going to the Middle East in a battleship, but you know what rumour is—just about as lying as Adolf himself.

Instead—well, I'm not going to hurt the feelings of a good old ship.

She's hardly stopped moving since the day war broke out.

The heat in the Tropics was fierce, particularly after dark when the portholes had to be shuttered.

It was on one of these furnace nights that an officer came to me.

One of the youngest privates on board was ill. Gravely ill. One of the worst cases of complicated appendicitis possible.

It would be touch and go in the operating theatre of a big London hospital.

But here there was no operating theatre, not even of the simplest kind.

Ventilators, none too good at any time, had failed.

The delicate kind of operation necessary would need brilliant and shadowless lighting—and so poor were our dynamos that the lighting was insufficient for the most ordinary purposes.

Every resource on the ship was going to be exploited to save the life of that young lad.

What had I got in my photographic apparatus that would help?

There were four famous specialists on board, ranging in rank from colonel upwards. All were going to give of their best professional skill.

I told them: "Using up everything I have brought with me, I can give you just two hours of film studio lighting."

There was cautious delight in the faces of the surgeons: cautious because——

"Two hours?" one of them asked. "We might do it. We have got to do it."

I worked feverishly, for time was an all-important factor. And all the time a nurse was scrubbing, trying to turn the cabin of a grimy troopship into something of hospital spotlessness.

I rearranged and re-rearranged my three lamps.

A doctor made a sweep with his arms over the spot where the operation was to be carried out. No shadow. Not a vestige.

"Good!" he said, with all the gratitude in the world in his voice.

They brought the lad in. He was pale. He was young and fair. Only nineteen, I learned later.

As newly appointed electrician to this strange operating theatre I had to fix the fan on a slab of ice so that it carried cool breezes.

I looked at my watch. One precious half-hour gone —and an eternity of work, it seemed, still left to be done.

MY fierce lights were not as kind to the eyes as those of an operating theatre. Film stars are used to them. Surgeons are not.

They put on sun-glasses, and stooped to their task.

An hour gone. I took photographs. I had been asked to. Surgery likes records of difficult operations.

All the time I looked anxiously at my lights. One hour gone. What if the job couldn't be finished in time?

An hour and twenty minutes was up. And then I knew that all the most delicate work was over.

"Will he live?" The answer came more in looks than in words.

He might. He could. He probably would.

Away we sailed into still hotter climes, to see a pale wisp of a boy hobbling about on deck, with four famous surgeons helping him to learn all over again how to walk.

At Cairo an officer seemed staggered when I wanted to start off with a whole series of pictures of General Wavell, who was then G.O.C. there.

I saw the General and arranged to "shoot" him out riding at 6.30 in the morning.

Here's the camera sniper, "shot himself" for a change

I was there at six. I waited.

Then, to my astonishment, I saw a cowboy coming towards me at the gallop.

I have photographed the Derby at Tattenham Corner often. But I never saw more daring riding than I did at that moment from that cowboy.

He wore a canary-yellow jumper. And all the leather trappings of a cowboy. Pouches, too, although I was to find later that they contained sugar for the horse, and not ammunition.

He spun that horse round at speed as a dancer can spin on her toes. There was nothing he couldn't do with it. And all the time he was talking to it. I could hear him as he flashed by.

Talking affectionately, encouragingly, lovingly almost.

And as I looked into the face of the cowboy rider I saw that it was General Wavell.

And who was this tailing on behind with quite good horsemanship judged by ordinary standards—but who could only be described as lumbering along when you compared him with General Wavell?

It was General Dill. And as he galloped by he gave me the apologetic smile of a man who would have you understand: "You mustn't expect me to do as well as Wavell. He's a master."

TO the added astonishment of the officer, who didn't seem to understand the propaganda weapon, I went to one of the most important conferences yet held in the Middle East.

Wavell, Dill, Anthony Eden, Australia's General Blamey, Admiral Cunningham, Air-Marshal Longmore and many others were there.

And now good news came.

Anzacs were going to attack Jarabub, in Cyrenaica. It was going to be real, stiff fighting. The Italians had to be dislodged from five forts, all strongholds.

And I could go!

I was one of a party that set out in a utility van for the four-day journey across the desert, with our water and rations following in another van.

We struck a track, and were quickly lost in a wilderness of sand.

Disaster soon struck us. Our second van broke down. And, forgetting that it contained our water and food, we went on with nothing but twelve oranges between us.

What madmen we were! Thin spirals of sand rose from the flat landscape and began to corkscrew into mid-air, getting bigger and faster in their gyrations.

A fog began to descend on us—a fog that was no fog at all, but the harbinger of a dreaded sandstorm.

The hot wind strengthened. We had to cover our faces against the lash of the sand.

Our thirst became unbearable. We rationed ourselves to a suck of orange every now and then—and still our thirsts grew worse.

The day was blistering. But night came freezing cold.

There was at least another three days of such travel befo

Then we heard a distant rumble.

It was our ration car, repaired, and thundering along to our rescue.

We could not wait for it. We ran to meet it.

But more trouble came.

Still keeping to the track, we found our truck sinking in sand. The wheels lost all power of propulsion. Soon we were axle-deep.

Our ration-waggon stopped—and we found that that was sinking too.

We dug and dug with such frenzy that two Australian lorries were on us almost before we noticed them.

And on each were gigantic tanks—filled with the cool water which the Anzacs who were to dislodge the Italians from the five fortresses were waiting to drink.

GREAT fellows, these Anzacs. Every man of them dug like two. Then their lorries hauled us out.

The bronzed lads advised us that any motor-vehicle would sink at that point unless it made a detour from the track.

We made the detour, with the water lorries keeping us company, and I fell asleep.

You may not care to believe that a man could be awakened by a shadow, but I was.

That shadow was a German aeroplane, and in my first second of consciousness I saw tracer bullets flashing through the sky, and others pit-putting into the sand around us.

Shouts from the Anzacs told us to disperse.

Lying flat, I saw that pilot circle our vehicles at his leisure, spraying them with machine-gun bullets.

Then, seeing the Aussies hiding under their water tanks, he tried to reach them with his rear guns.

As he disappeared, we all ran back to our particular conveyances—all except one Australian soldier.

He lay without a movement.

One of his comrades rushed up to him saw blood pouring through his cheek, and yelled, "Hi, boys!"

We gathered round. The blood was escaping with a steady pulsing that meant, we knew, that an artery had been punctured.

I pushed my fist deep into his cheek to find the artery and stop the flow with pressure.

Meanwhile, there were shouts from the lorries, which, like our own vehicles, had been hit time and again by armour-piercing bullets.

"They've got the water! It's spouting away."

The water so necessary to those boys who had to root the Italians out of their five desert strongholds. Anxious eyes would be watching out for those lorries. If they arrived without their special supplies——

And so, out there in the desert, with the sun thrashing our already-sore skin, and the desert burning our feet, we worked like fury to stop the leaks in the tanks.

(Next week: *The Battle, and a Tragic Roll-Call.*)

Human Machine

BITE IT OFF!

● **Ever since the war started we've been told by poster and film that "Careless talk costs lives." We should carry over something of this exhortation into our peace time lives.**

For though careless talk doesn't exactly cost lives in peace time, it costs irritation, anger and energy.

The art of keeping your mouth shut is a great art. Not nearly enough people are proficient at it.

One of the great secrets of successful daily life —that essential foundation for anything bigger— is to leave other people alone.

What we rarely realise is that other people, their characters, habits, likes and their dislikes, are a large part of our background.

It is our job to adapt ourselves to this environment, not to expect the environment to adapt itself to us.

And the better we do this adapting the happier we are going to be.

That is why when we feel inclined to criticise others, to correct others, to interfere with others, we should bite the criticism and the grumble off hard, before it can slip out and cause a lot of unpleasantness.

NOVEMBER 15, 1941

HITLER'S TWO-WAY GAMBLE

★ *If he fails to take Moscow, he will fall from power. If he succeeds, a new peace plot will attempt to divide the world!*

By A. G. GARDINER

IN throwing every ounce of his resources into the drive against Russia, Hitler has two objectives. One is mainly political; the other is military. One is concerned with his immediate programme; the other with the necessities of the future.

The aim of the attack in the South, which is having a formidable measure of success, is to break the blockade, seize the oilfields of the Caucasus and prevent the consolidation of an Anglo-Russian front between the Black Sea and the Caspian.

It is a race against time on both sides. The issue depends on how long the Russians can hold up the German flood and how soon we can overcome the transport difficulties of the wild Persian country south of the Caucasus. I venture no forecast of the result. We must wait and see.

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It is the other objective of which I wish to speak. In all the history of war there has been nothing on the scale or of the intensity of the Battle of Moscow.

For nearly two months it has been raging with ever-increasing violence on a front of 250 miles. Its significance in a military sense may be decisive, but it is the political motives involved in it with which I am concerned here.

They are two. In the first place, Hitler has gambled his prestige on the capture of Moscow. This is his personal battle. He has staked everything on succeeding where Napoleon failed.

Anti-aircraft units on parade in Moscow's famous Red Square

If he wins the glory will be his. He will not have won the war. Indeed, the monstrous price he is paying will help to lose him the war.

BUT HE CANNOT LET GO WITHOUT PERSONAL RUIN. HE HAS COMMITTED HIMSELF SO DEEPLY TO VICTORY THAT ANYTHING SHORT OF VICTORY WILL BE FOR HIM IRREPARABLE DEFEAT.

The legend of his invincibility would perish in a sea of German blood. Power would pass from him to the High Command. He has had to call in generals who were on his black list, who remember Von Fritsch, and who have bowed grudgingly to the despotic will of the ex-corporal.

His failure before Moscow would put the military in power. In a word, Hitler is fighting in this battle for his political existence.

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THE other political motive is no less urgent. It is based on the conviction that the fall of Moscow is a necessary preliminary to the launching of Hitler's "Constructive Plan for a New Order in Europe." With this plan he hopes to consolidate Europe for the final task—the overthrow of Britain.

The scheme runs something like this:

With the Russian capital in his hands, and with a quisling puppet in power, Hitler will come before the world in the familiar rôle of the dove of peace.

He has completed the task to which he has been called. He has beaten back to the deserts of Asia the hordes of Bolshevism. He has saved European civilisation from the monster with whom he signed a treaty of peace and exchanged affectionate greetings two years ago when he entered on his career of conquest in Poland.

This great service to humanity is the crown and culmination of his purpose. Under the benign leadership of Germany, the Continent is now a single family, from Spitzbergen to the isles of Greece and from Moscow to the Bay of Biscay.

He has given Europe a Monroe doctrine which protects it from all external attack and exploitation.

In doing this, it has been his painful duty to burn many cities and massacre hundreds of thousands of innocent citizens.

But he had no alternative. For under the evil influence of the "Jew-ridden," plutocratic British Empire, the Dutch and the Greeks, the Norwegians and the Poles, the Czechs and the French, the Belgians and the Serbs rejected the blessings he offered them.

He was compelled in the interests of a united Europe to chastise them. It wrung his heart to do it, but he had no choice.

And now that distressing duty is done, and the whole Continent is united under the benevolent guardianship of the virile people which has brought this great thing to pass.

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ONLY one dissentient remains. It is the country which has exploited the divisions of Europe so long, and that is alone responsible for the calamities that have now befallen it. It is the British Empire.

And even to that sinful system, to which he had so vainly appealed in the past, he now offers conditions of peace which would leave its position outside Europe undisturbed.

Should Moscow fall, this is the sort of cunning bid for peace which Hitler will make to the world. We must not shut our eyes to its dangers.

ITS AIM WILL BE TO DISINTEGRATE AND WEAKEN THE DEMOCRATIC FRONT, NOT IN EUROPE ONLY, BUT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

With the forces released from the Russian front, Hitler reckons that he will be able to tighten his fetters upon the enslaved peoples of Europe and repress the rising tide of revolt.

He will seek to reduce them to a hopelessness and despair that will accept his tyranny as the only partial escape from the horrors he has brought upon them.

With his skill in preying upon the fears and hates of mankind, he will bait his hook for the anti-Semite here, the anti-Bolshevist there, the anti-plutocrat yonder, and the anti-British everywhere.

Particularly he will have his eye on the United States, and he will not fail to provide Lindbergh and his like with fuel with which to stoke the dying embers of isolationism.

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BUT the central purpose of the bid will be to isolate the British Empire. Hitler has no illusions about us. He knows that, whoever surrenders, we shall not.

He knows that however cunningly he baits his trap we shall not be caught in it.

And we know the purpose of the peace bait that will come should Moscow fall. It will be to get a breathing space preparatory to the final spring at the last fortress of democracy.

FOR HITLER KNOWS THAT THE FREE ENGLISH SPIRIT AND THE SLAVE MENTALITY OF GERMANY CANNOT CO-EXIST ON THIS CONTINENT OR THIS EARTH. ONE OR THE OTHER IS DOOMED.

Hitler believes that the sea-power of Britain can be overwhelmed by a German-dominated Continent. How it is to be done is explained by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the least disreputable of the servile newspaper hogs that feed out of Goebbels' trough. This is what it says:

We are determined, in spite of Roosevelt, to obtain in the course of this war sufficient command of the seas to ensure the gradual weakening and final eclipse of British naval power. Meanwhile, the military position of the Axis Powers on land will become more and more unassailable. Anglo-Saxon sea-power will be crippled by our Continental block, and our influence will extend far enough from our coasts to settle in our favour the vexed question of "sea power versus Continental power."

That is the plot. And the peace plan that will be launched should Moscow fall is a part of the strategy designed to give it effect by spreading defeatism and disintegrating the democratic front.

For us it must be a challenge to brace our will and redouble our energies to cleanse the world of the Curse of Hitlerism.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHY SAY "INVASION NEXT SPRING"?

When last summer the Premier talked about the fear of an invasion on or about September 1, it was apparent that few took him seriously. Indeed, life went on normally. People took their holidays.

Now, he, Bevin and Beaverbrook have all talked about the invasion expected next Spring.

It has a bad effect on the public mind. The nation to-day is looking more and more for action, an offensive policy, and a spirit of adventure.

We should be told how much the war is costing, how every day saved by intensified work hastens not only the end of that expenditure but the morning on which we shall start to build a New World.

The public want to hear of attack now, not defence next Spring.

This is creating a Maginot Line in the national mind. And it was behind faith in a Maginot Line that France collapsed.

DO WE TRUST TOO MUCH ON BOMBING?

If there is to be an invasion next Spring, surely it must be that the R.A.F. has failed in its constant bombing of the Channel Ports?

Yet we have heard for months, told in dulcet tones on the air, of the devastating effect of our raids. We seem to have wiped out Hamburg a dozen times.

The Government cannot have it both ways. If it says that we cannot invade the French coast—and we have both naval and air superiority—how can the Germans invade Britain with air inferiority and no Navy?

We know that, bad as raids on Britain have been, life has gone on, and that work has continued, yes, even in the worst blitzed towns.

Surely, then, it is wishful thinking to say that air raids have seriously crippled the German war effort? The Nazi war machine crashes on.

SHOULD WE SPARE RAILINGS

I hear complaints that certain local councils are parleying with protection societies as to whether some railings should be spared because of "artistic merit" or "historic interest."

People ask: "Can we afford to be sentimental when iron is so badly needed for munitions?"

Certainly we can afford to spare all those railings which, because of historical or art value, should be preserved.

There are not many of them.

Some central body of art experts could easily decide which are of value.

You see, we move on, not with a plan, but from one panic to another. Yet, because we want paper, we must not destroy valuable books.

Because we want iron, we should not throw into the furnace what, otherwise, posterity would cherish.

Why don't they pull down the railings round Hyde Park and all the other parks? If Hampstead Heath can be open, why can't all the parks in the country?

"Any old iron?" Yes! But not all old iron.

We want gold—but we are not stupid enough to destroy the Crown jewels.

CAN NAZI DOCTRINES BE UNLEARNT?

The problem of the hundreds of thousands of ardent, fanatical young Nazis, brought up from childhood with distorted versions of history and with warped ideas about everything in life, is one of the most difficult the future must face.

If the war ends with a smashing military defeat of Germany, everything they have been taught about racial superiority and the divine right of dictatorship will collapse.

If the war ends any other way, it will take two generations at least to destroy the poison that has inflamed and perverted German mentality.

There must be nearly 20,000,000 in Germany alone who have heard nothing but Hitler doctrines, even in conversation, during the years which otherwise would have been spent on education and development.

All that must be driven from their minds. But how?

SHOULD UNOFFICIAL AMAZONS BE ALLOWED?

The women who, in various parts of the country, are now forming unofficial defence units, finding their own equipment, drilling and learning to use firearms, are, to my mind, wasting their time.

Home defence must be part of a national plan.

The Home Guard, from all accounts, is badly enough equipped, even with much-heralded War Office approval.

It utters many complaints about a score of things.

How, then, can unofficial units be armed, drilled properly, or, indeed, have any real value?

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GAMBLE

Hitler believes that the sea-power of Britain can be overwhelmed by a German-dominated Continent. How it is to be done is explained by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the least disreputable of the servile newspaper hogs that feed out of Goebbels' trough. This is what it says:

We are determined, in spite of Roosevelt, to obtain in the course of this war sufficient command of the seas to ensure the gradual weakening and final eclipse of British naval power. Meanwhile, the military position of the Axis Powers on land will become more and more unassailable. Anglo-Saxon sea-power will be crippled by our Continental block, and our influence will extend far enough from our coasts to settle in our favour the vexed question of "sea power versus Continental power."

That is the plot. And the peace plan that will be launched should Moscow fall is a part of the strategy designed to give it effect by spreading defeatism and disintegrating the democratic front.

For us it must be a challenge to brace our will and redouble our energies to cleanse the world of the Curse of Hitlerism.

...LIFTS THE LID

Britain with air inferiority and no Navy?

We know that, bad as raids on Britain have been, life has gone on, and that work has continued, yes, even in the worst-blitzed towns.

Surely, then, it is wishful thinking to say that air raids have seriously crippled the German war effort? The Nazi war machine crashes on.

SHOULD WE SPARE RAILINGS

I hear complaints that certain local councils are parleying with protection societies as to whether some railings should be spared because of "artistic merit" or "historic interest."

People ask: "Can we afford to be sentimental when iron is so badly needed for munitions?"

Certainly we can afford to spare all those railings which, because of historical or art value, should be preserved.

There are not many of them.

Some central body of art experts could easily decide which are of value.

You see, we move on, not with a plan, but from one panic to another. Yet, because we want paper, we must not destroy valuable books.

Because we want iron, we should not throw into the furnace what, otherwise, posterity would cherish.

Why don't they pull down the railings round Hyde Park and all the other parks? If Hampstead Heath can be open, why can't all the parks in the country?

"Any old iron?" Yes! But not all old iron.

We want gold—but we are not stupid enough to destroy the Crown jewels.

CAN NAZI DOCTRINES BE UNLEARNT?

The problem of the hundreds of thousands of ardent, fanatical young Nazis, brought up from childhood with distorted versions of history and with warped ideas about everything in life, is one of the most difficult the future must face.

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Here's the first of another batch of stirring stories of the sea and the deathless courage of the men who go out in ships to defy the barbarism of the Nazis.

The Saga of Six Men on a Raft

By Commodore G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

THE American-owned cargo-ship *Sessa* was beating her way eastwards.

She had passed a couple of hundred miles south'ard of Cape Farewell, that desolate extremity of Greenland, and was making her way through the icy northern seas south of the Arctic Circle. Making her way towards Britain.

They say that ghost-ships sail those seas.

Some of the most naked stories of human endeavour and deathless courage were fought out there, hundreds of years ago, when the Vikings in their 70-ft. warboats got as far as Canada.

There was a modern Viking aboard the *Sessa*.

Henrik Bjerregaard, the thirty-seven-year-old First Officer, was of pure Viking descent.

Bjerregaard was on the bridge of the *Sessa*, guiding her beneath a dark midnight sky in whose clouds a silver moon rode and then vanished and afterwards appeared again.

Away from the ship's forefoot the black water rippled—did you know that the sea in these cold latitudes looks black? All around lay a desolate, empty ocean.

The hours passed. The watch was nearly ended.

Sunk without Warning

And then, without warning, there was a ghastly, shattering explosion under the American vessel's side, where a torpedo had struck her.

It blew the guts out of the ship. She turned over on her side and passed quietly below the water, which closed over the top of her with a single enormous gulp.

Bjerregaard found himself gasping in the black and icy water. He saw ahead an upturned boat, washing along, and swam to it. Two other swimmers, one almost exhausted, reached it at the same time.

All clung to it silently.

As they were swept along by the waves, they saw a raft that had drifted off the deck when the ship sank. Two men aboard it were pulling in a third.

The three survivors left the upturned boat and swam for the raft. On the way, the exhausted man collapsed. The others turned to him and towed him with them.

All three climbed on to the raft, streaming with water, chilled till their bones ached and their teeth chattered.

There were now six men aboard the raft—Bjerregaard, three Portuguese, a Swede, and a Canadian.

A Terrible Prospect

In a locker on the raft were a case of biscuits and a keg of water. The keg contained about ten pints. There were six of them on that raft, all violently thirsty already because of the salt water they had swallowed.

The biscuits might last, with terrible rationing, for four weeks. *But you cannot eat biscuits if you have nothing to drink. They are too dry.*

The men on the raft knew this.

On the raft was lashed a biggish tarpaulin cover. No use as a sail because they had no rudder. But Bjerregaard showed them how to rig it up as a shelter from the sun, which in their waterless and salt-caked condition might otherwise have driven them all mad.

Also—if rain came—it might catch drinking-water.

It might!

Do you think that men in such a case could possibly have any hope? Lost, cast away in the Arctic seas, drifting steadily north of all steamer routes, with ten pints of water between six of them, sogged, helpless, paralysed with cold?

No?

Bjerregaard was a Norseman. His ancestors had sailed these seas. He pulled the others together, set them watch and watch, *proved to them that the raft was drifting towards Iceland.*

Gave them hope!

A log—God knows in what northern forest it had grown—was drifting by. Bjerregaard reached over and pulled it in.

On it he cut the date of the torpedoing, the name of the ship—and a notch. The notch represented the first day on the raft.

They rationed the precious water, one small wineglassful per head morning and evening.

There were no changes in the everlasting heaving vista and the dark, watery horizon. Day passed to night, and night to day. It was cold—terribly cold. They grew sodden, chafed, aching. Their beards grew. Their clothes rotted. Their skins shrivelled and shrank from salting and exposure and starvation.

Dying—but Disciplined

Still Bjerregaard held these dying creatures to some sort of discipline.

"We—are drifting—to Iceland," he croaked.

He would not let them finish up the water in one long, glorious, torture-freeing drink. His eyes glared as he handed out scrupulously to each man his tiny beakerful each morning. Then no more till evening.

Each day Bjerregaard cut a notch in his log.

On the tenth day he carved a little cross.

That was for the Canadian.

He had gone into delirium two days before. He tried to throw himself into the sea. He tried to drink salt water.

The weak shadows of men around him exhausted their feeble strength still further holding him back. It was like holding a querulous baby.

On the tenth day he died.

They whispered the Lord's Prayer over that shrunken body, and then gently floated it off into the dark sea.

It sailed with them for a time, bobbing along quietly as if afraid to go out into the loneliness of the waste of waters. Presently it was gone.

On the 13th day. Bjerregaard notched two more crosses. Two of the Portuguese had died. Of exposure, hunger, thirst, fear, cold . . . of Kultur.

The First Officer's seamed and calloused fingers, aching with cold, took a long time to chip and scrape out the little crosses.

Day by day he cut fresh notches.

The sea around them never changed.

One of the remaining men prayed aloud the whole time, night and day, without sleeping. The other drifted into delirium. Sometimes he screamed, and the sounds went wailing over the dark waters like the calling of gulls. At other times he muttered cunningly.

They had to keep him away from the water.

Last Drop of Water

On the 17th day, despite the cruel littleness of their ration, despite the addition of the rations of those men who were dead, the water was finished. Bjerregaard poured out the last hoarded drops, like a miser fingering gold.

He sat staring at it for a long time. Perhaps half an hour. Then, with a gasp, he gave it to the delirious man.

Next day he cut another notch in his log. Almost the last he would have strength to cut.

The praying man wanted to throw himself into the sea. Bjerregaard, with an arm as weak as a child's, prevented him.

They had no water.

That afternoon they saw smoke on the horizon. A long, blown smear of smoke. Made by a ship.

They crouched, watching it, for an hour. Then it faded away.

Next morning they were too weak to move. They lay exhausted. No notch was cut. Life ebbed slowly out of them. The praying man was silent. Perhaps he thought there was no God. Perhaps he was too weak to whisper.

That afternoon they heard a ship's siren.

Bjerregaard raised himself on an elbow covered with salt-sores.

The Stars and Stripes

A destroyer, slim and smart and grey-painted, was hove to not three hundred yards away. A boat was coming over to them—full of trim-uniformed men pulling together. . . .

They had the white porkpie hats of Yankee sailors.

Bjerregaard fainted.

When he came to he was in a comfortable bunk, and up on deck above him, though he could not see it, the Stars and Stripes flickered in the breeze.

Bjerregaard will always limp, I think, because of the soaking of his legs in that icy water for so many days. But the Viking spirit had saved him, and saved the two men with him.

He says he is going back to sea—back to his job of running cargoes across the waters where Kultur has spread its shadow.

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Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

IT MIGHT BE RED BIDDY!

MAYBE you don't drink wine as a rule.

But you like to have a bottle at Christmas time. Most of us do.

Well—be careful about what you are buying!

For Christmas is harvest time for cheap speculators, who make fortunes by selling you worthless liquors in plausibly labelled bottles.

I have had to warn readers about this racket in former years—even in times of peace—but conditions now are even more favourable to these vultures, for the war has resulted in a shortage of genuine wines.

And some of the rubbish they would like to fob off on you is worse than useless. It is dangerous.

Have you heard of Red Biddy?

Well, then. Be warned in time.

If you don't know how these swindlers go to work, I'll tell you

Mr. Percy R. Brewis, President of the Society of Licensed Victuallers, which has done much to stamp out racketeering in drinks.

Here To-Day—

They take over empty shops a few weeks before Christmas, attract people into them with tempting window displays—and sell them muck.

And the trouble is, of course, that the unfortunate purchasers don't find it out until they are having their Christmas dinners.

It's too late, then, for if they go back to complain they find the cupboard is bare.

In other words, the birds have flown.

As I hinted above, this Christmas there is a serious shortage throughout the whole wine and spirit trade. Supplies for ordinary customers are becoming scarcer and scarcer, and in many of the smaller hotels and hostelries wines and spirits are now almost unobtainable.

Under the guise of Lisbon wine, in bottles adorned with apparently foreign labels, quantities of a reddish mixture have lately been sold to drinkers in night clubs and at bottle parties.

I can't tell you just what the bottles contain.

But I do know that the people who sell them in night clubs make a profit of more than £2 a bottle.

Customs and Excise authorities have had several complaints about this so-called Lisbon wine, and more than one "wine merchant" in one particular part of London's West End is under observation.

Another Black Market

But adulteration is not the only evil from which the wine trade is suffering just now.

A growing Black Market has sprung up in genuine wines and spirits.

A lot of stuff has been wangled into this country from Ireland.

Only a short time ago a certain wine merchant was approached by a man who said he could get hold of large stocks of whisky "at the right price"!

And he produced documents to bear out his statements.

But he wanted cash in advance, *all in £1 notes*, and stipulated that there must be no written entries in books or ledgers concerning the transaction.

The wine merchant politely declined the offer—and reported the matter to the authorities.

But they don't all decline.

A publican in North London recently paid £150 for whisky offered in a similar manner.

The police have also got their eyes on another crowd of racketeers who are trying to corner whisky, and are reselling it at 50 per cent. profit to night-life clients. Its price when it reaches the public is nobody's business!

Planned Robberies

And the whisky isn't always *bought*.

Large consignments disposed of in the Black Market have been obtained by planned robberies.

Only a few evenings ago, twenty-five cases belonging to a famous Scotch distillery firm were stolen from outside a London warehouse. Neither the liquor nor the thieves have been traced.

Two other robberies, which netted £1,300 worth of whisky for the Black Market, are also being investigated.

Scotland Yard is doing its part.

Yours is to make sure that *you* are not caught this Christmas.

Don't buy the rubbish.

Let the blighters starve!

Case for the War Office

A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD soldier, after only a few weeks of Army training, is now a patient in the Military Mental Hospital, Banstead.

His parents are naturally grieved and indignant that their son should be classed as a mental case.

And it seems to me that this young man should never have been taken into the Army.

He had suffered from deafness since a child, his eyesight was poor and his general health indifferent.

Nevertheless, he was passed for military service, and posted to the R.A.S.C. at Blackdown Camp.

★ ★ ★

From the start, he was in trouble on the parade ground.

Not surprising, because he could not hear the orders given to him!

The young recruit made numerous complaints, in which he believed he was perfectly justified, and these primarily concerned his eye and ear troubles.

Then, on October 3, it was decided to send him to Connaught Hospital, Aldershot.

Later, his parents were informed by an officer that their son was not fit for the Army, but he would have to wait for a few weeks for his discharge.

Apparently the authorities changed their minds, because the next the worried parents heard of their son was that he had been taken to the Military Mental Hospital at Banstead.

★ ★ ★

Can you imagine the distress of a young man who finds himself treated like this within such a short space of time after being called up and passed fit for service?

Can you not understand the horror and anxiety of his parents?

They argue that their son was sane and normal when he joined the Army on August 21, and only the most untoward happenings could have transformed him into a mental case within the space of a few weeks.

One thing is beyond all argument—this extraordinary case should be immediately investigated by the War Office.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. E. Webster, Manvers Road, Eastbourne, receives this week's £1 1s. award for information which will prove most useful in my records.

I appreciate letters on any subject calling for investigation or comment, and envelopes should be marked "Public Benefactor."

THEY TURN UP LIKE BAD PENNIES

REMARKABLE "War Supplies" bargains are being advertised, and my advice to people likely to be attracted by them is to send no money on in advance.

A firm called Irving and Company, Lansdowne Road, Manchester, offers Army boots at remarkably low prices. Complaints, however, indicate that the methods of delivery are not always as prompt as its advertisements suggest.

★ ★ ★

DREAMS of the days when a man stood in Trafalgar Square and offered genuine £1 notes at 1d. each are conjured up in the literature of H. Partington, Stamp Importer and Dealer, Wigan Road, Leigh, Lancs, who offers a so-called money-making scheme in return for two guineas—or even 30s. by "special offer."

Leave him alone. I last criticised his fee-snatching stunt about a year ago.

★ ★ ★

"SALVAGE" pests are still thronging schools during lunch-hour intervals urging children to get parcels of worn-out clothes from their parents "for war purposes" in return for which they promise valuable prizes which are generally cheap and trashy.

It is time the Educational Authorities took some action about this growing nuisance. "Salvage," in the hands of expert salesmen, still fetches excellent prices these days—that's why the pests so persistently carry on.

★ ★ ★

A MEAN racket in the civilian clothes of Servicemen recruits—that's the latest swindle!

Crooks hang about units to which men are posted, and offer to defray the cost of dispatching cast-off clothing home if they can be given authority to buy them.

Numerous men have handed over clothes, to discover later that they never arrived at their destinations.

When Winter Comes in Germany

IF you dread the long, bleak winter months, the endless black-out, crowded trains, rain and cold winds, think for a moment what winter means to Germany.

Already there are signs that the Nazi leaders themselves are worried about the German home front during this third war winter, and the constant stream of blustering victory propaganda in the German Press is tinged with a note of apprehension.

This winter will be the worst that Germany has had to face since the war began.

To-day Germans have not even enough clothes to protect themselves against the German winter which, at its best, brings temperatures twenty or thirty degrees lower than those experienced during the worst British freeze-up.

Shortage of Clothing

Even for those who have coupons left, warm winter coats are unobtainable because material has been requisitioned for the German troops in Russia and stores have been cleared of all available underclothes, which have been sent to the front.

They may have been able to withstand the cold if they could count on warm homes with big fires burning.

But this is not to be.

Only one flat will be heated in every big block, and, once more, authorities are asking the German people to spend their days together in the one heated apartment.

But Berliners have refused to jostle each other in the narrow space of one neighbour's flat, and, again, they are rather going out to spend the days in cafés or cinemas.

Travelling long distances has become impossible, but the transport difficulties are now extending to towns, which have reduced tram and train services so drastically that a big percentage of townspeople will have to walk to their offices, shops or factories every day.

Trained to watch the caloric value of their food, Germans now realise that the approach of winter has not brought them the customary increase in rations.

There is no more loot from occupied countries left.

On the contrary, the army, which has always been fed on foodstuffs from the territories through which they marched, is dependent on supplies from home.

Separated for Duration

The evacuation is hitting Germans harder than the average British family. Children have to be sent hundreds of miles away and mothers have no chance to visit them for months or, maybe, for the duration.

Even then they do not know whether their children are really safe, because the ever-increasing range of the R.A.F. enables British bombs to reach targets now that were regarded as impenetrable only six months ago.

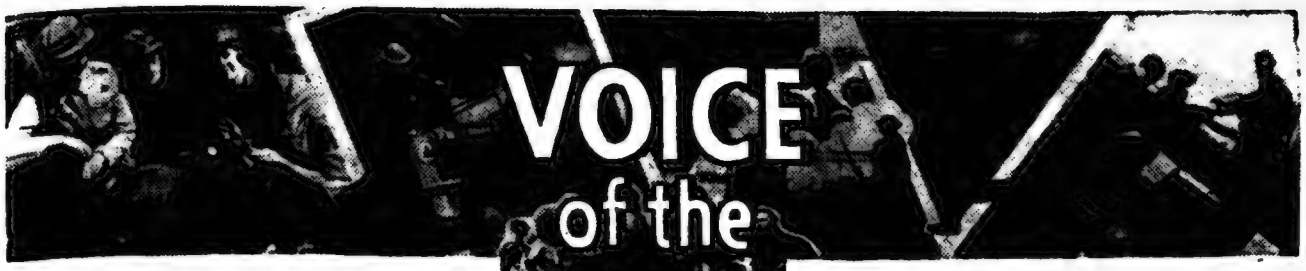
British bombs!

This winter will bring the first real all-out bombing offensive on Germany. For the first time Berliners will have to spend the nights—all night—in the deep and cold coal cellars which have been converted into air-raid shelters.

People who spent a few hours in them occasionally during the last winter have, in the meantime, left Germany and told how utterly intolerable such conditions would be.

They are damp, cold, practically unheatable—even if there were enough coal—depressing beyond description.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.



VOICE of the TROOPS

"ONE of our merchantmen was lost, but there is good reason to believe that the U-boat which attacked her was destroyed."

You may not know what drama lies in such a colourless official statement as that.

But read the letter written to his home by A. B. Grenier (in hospital), and you will understand:

Dawn broke on a mill-pond sea, with the convoy steaming serenely on its way.

But the look-out in the crow's-nest of the accompanying destroyer shivered slightly and pulled his duffle coat more closely to his body.

His eyes came to rest on a spot 400 yards ahead of the leading merchantman.

Was it fancy, or did he see a tiny ripple break the smooth surface?

But no; there it was again, a thin, white trail, lengthening as the top of a periscope begins to break the surface.

He shouts out a bearing to the skipper, whose early morning coffee has just been served on the bridge.

Instantly that worthy dashes for the voice-pipe, and all but knocks the quartermaster off the wheel with: "Full speed ahead! Hard to starboard"—and simultaneously presses a button which wakes the ship to life.

Down below, grim-faced sailors tumble out of their hammocks.

Up top everything is in readiness. Shells fill the breech of every gun. Depth-charges slide into position.

Suddenly there is a streak of white in the water, not far from the leading merchantman.

A torpedo from the U-boat is speeding on its errand of death and destruction.

A thump. A blinding flash. A column of water shooting high into the air. The gallant merchantman heels over and slowly begins to sink.

But retribution is on its way.

The lean, grey escorting destroyer hurls itself forward into the fray—hundreds of tons of lethal machinery manned by fighting men to one purpose—the destruction of that skulking under-sea raider.

As the distance between the grey shape and the spot from which the tin fish was fired narrows, the operator on "Asdics" (submarine-finding device) gives a joyful shout as he picks up the unmistakable sound which tells him the submarine's whereabouts.

The skipper checks up on the operator's report and alters course three degrees to get his nose on a dead-line with the submarine ahead.

The distance narrows—200 yards, 100 yards, 50 yards.

"Stand by depth-charges"—and the first deadly container slips over the stern.

The destroyer herself staggers under each explosion of 300 lb. of T.N.T. And then the ship turns and races over the spot where the attack took place.

Dead fish and thick, crude oil cover the sea.—H. Grenier.

★ *If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Services letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

"FUN" IN CAMP

From a German prisoners-of-war camp to his parents living at Crowther Street, Burnley, comes this letter of Private George Hindle:

We had some fine sparring bouts the other night.

A Scotch lad in our room named Jimmy and I had a set-to, and the crowd said we battered ourselves to a standstill. I like this sport, as you know, and if there is a camp championship I'm in for it.

I only suffered a busted nose and split ear.

If you are all looking and feeling as well as I am, I've got nothing to worry about.—George.

★ ★ ★

"ALL I NEED . . ."

There is a tragic interest in the next letter. It is signed "Den."

"Den's" sister, Mrs. D. Curtis, of 121, Wellington Road, East Ham, sends it to us.

She tells how "Den," a boy of fifteen, suddenly disappeared from the dinner-table, and turned up later in the day, grinning, to tell his worried parents that he had joined the Navy.

One day came news that "the boy who always made everybody love him" had been killed in action, followed by his simple note posted before he died:

Thank you, dear, but really I don't need anything at all.

I have good food, always a few bob in my pocket, and a bed—what more do I need?

I would like six months' leave every year to be with you all, but that, of course, isn't possible.—Den.

★ ★ ★

WHO WORRIED LEAST!

Aircraftman R. Cahill (1061494), R.A.F. Fire Section, tells his wife:

A young sergeant-observer was brought in for immediate treatment.

He had been badly burned in a vain but valiant effort to save his officer pilot from a blazing Blenheim.

He was only nineteen. The tension in the place was terrific as they brought him in.

But he relieved all that at once with: "Have you got a chiropodist here? I've got an ingrowing toenail that has been worrying me for a fortnight."—R. Cahill.

★ ★ ★

RELIGION

Mixed thoughts assail Leading Aircraftman S. Robins (527780 R.A.F.) as he treads where Christ trod. He writes to father and sister:

Here in the Holy Land I often think of mother, and wish she could have seen it all—or at least that I had been able to have told her all I have seen.

It is all so beautiful.

But there is too much horrible commercialisation. The guides who show you round do so purely for money.

They argue and grumble about money as people are trying to pray.

I visited a lovely garden in which I saw a tomb. Some society in London maintains that particular garden. They maintain that, contrary to the almost general belief, it was on the site of this tomb that Christ was crucified.

All I know is that that garden and the Russian Church are the only places where guides do not pester you.—Sam.

★ ★ ★

LIVE TILL ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY

And so we come to the secret of old age, described to Mrs. W. Jowett, Andrew Street, Middleton Junction, Manchester, by her husband (PKX 106620), with the Navy:

You'd never credit Mombasa, which I've visited. The people are as black as charcoal. They live to one hundred and twenty—and ninety years is nothing old out here. And no wonder!

Seventy-five per cent. of them never work—just sleep all day and all night. If there's work to do at all, it's for a woman to do.—W. Jowett.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

WORST Fifth Columnist in our midst is Selfishness, of which profiteering is but a small part. Selfishness plays Hitler's game for him.—Arthur Houghton, 1, Bridge Street, Garstang.

★ ★ ★

"Voice of the Troops" made me turn to a journal I regarded as nothing more than "father's favourite paper"—and now I have become a great reader of it myself—Miss Elsie Skinner, 4, Appledram Lane, Chichester.

★ ★ ★

On my first visit to "the dogs" I was astounded by two things—the way backers burnt up their fivers, and the fact that there was hardly a uniform to be seen anywhere.—A. L. M., Nicol Street, Kirkcaldy.

★ ★ ★

Feather in the hat for JOHN BULL readers! Commander Campbell, broadcasting October 26 (repeated October 30), spoke of a scheme for turning sea-water into fresh, admitted the idea came from a letter in JOHN BULL.—M. Ingham, 6, Whalley Road, Padiham.

★ ★ ★

Man, aged thirty-six (I have name), fifteen years as expert in all machine-guns, is being trained for A.F.S., despite great anxiety to instruct recruits.—R. Galsworthy, Rolle Street, Exmouth.

★ ★ ★

In my local newspaper, which is not allowed to mention presence of troops, local Council opens big advertisement with the words: "Having regard to the large numbers of H.M. Forces quartered in or around the neighbourhood of ———."—R. F. Waddon (address withheld for obvious reasons).

Why Our Guns Will Not Fail

By VINCENT BROME

FROM the massive walls and deep bays of sand, you might imagine that this was the modern version of an ancient fortress. Only the crane seems out of place.

Suddenly a sergeant barks, "Cover up—fire!"

Two men dart behind the 7-ft.-thick walls. An elderly major puts his fingers in his ears.

A flurry comes from the bay of sand as though some giant had burrowed into it.

The momentary silence afterwards is as intense as the explosion.

Then the men come alive again, and the sun, streaming down, gleams on the sleek barrel of the gun as the crane wheels it away.

Another gun appears in position. There is more firing, bursts of smoke, crashing echoes.

It might be a miniature battle staged in the fortress for the benefit of some fussy General. Instead, this is a gun-testing station, the place where they guarantee that our guns shall not fail.

Expert Check

"Heavies" may be fired several times to test various reactions. After each salvo, experts check the results.

It is an elaborate check. No gun with a doubtful performance gets through.

The testers work at high speed. It is imperative nowadays that there shall be no delay in passing guns out, and they have developed their organisation to such a high pitch that sometimes one hour suffices to put a gun through its paces.

Nor is that all.

They may receive a gun at 10.30. It is rapidly unpacked, swung into position, tested, its performance recorded, the gun repacked and returned to the makers by 11.35.

The gun-tester is no longer a gentleman who touches off his cannon and watches the result on the local rubbish heap with the naked eye.

He is versed in the mysteries of higher mathematics, given to finding fault in thousandths of an inch.

Once upon a time they used open stretches of parkland for gun-testing. Then a gun behaved rather badly one day and did some serious damage, and they began to build up greater safeguards.

Over Proof

In those days the tester was known as the Proof Master, and in some cases the name persists. Similarly, they still talk of proving a gun.

The gun-tester's equipment has gradually developed until to-day he works in a complicated network of sand and thick walls, with a crane to pick up and position his guns, and a special recording room.

This room has the most ingenious gadgets for determining the performance of a gun. It will give you the velocity of a shell and its deviation from the true with minute accuracy.

The shells are fired through electrified screens and delicate instruments record their precise behaviour.

This particular station tests guns up to fairly heavy calibres.

The crane handles the big fellows with ease. They look harmless enough when they are powerless in the air.

It is different when the barrel rests in position and the sergeant gives his final command!

They keep close records of every gun's performance. The success or failure of big campaigns may depend upon those slips of paper. The gun-tester has a vital job in this war—and he doesn't fluff it.

"John Bull's" Ten Minute Story

"Killer stuff," said Amos. "You know—the tough guy, the gangste" Amos suddenly stiffened, put on a sinister look, lowered his voice . . .

STAR PART

★

By Hedley Barker

THE tractor bucked and rolled and rattled over the chocolate-coloured loam. Young Amos Tucker, swaying to its unwieldy motions, steered mechanically, by instinct, a far-away look on his earnest face.

Occasionally his lips would tighten, his eyes would narrow. In an instant deadliness marked his bearing, he was the cold killer.

"Stick 'em up!" he would hiss, covering a passing tree with the inch-and-a-half spanner. "Right up! Any funny stuff, and I'll let daylight into your carcase."

Amos was lost, absorbed, busy being Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Jimmy Cagney. "Hey, there! Reach for the sky. You're in a bad jam. Move an eyelash and I'll give you the wolks."

In fancy he could see the cameraman turning the handle of his machine, hear the producer approving his efforts.

"That's grand, Amos! Fine, fine and dandy. Gee, I'll say you're an actor!"

And, indeed, nobody could deny him that. In the village amateur dramatic society Amos had gone from strength to strength. His fame had spread to Maiden Lees, twelve miles away. The Reverend Budge had personally complimented him.

"A very spirited performance, Amos," he had said. "Henry Ainley will have to look to his laurels."

It went pretty deep with Amos, this longing of his. Always he could see the handle of a camera turning, himself advancing, the grim Nemesis, cold of eye, vengeful, ruthless.

"Your number's up, Scarface. Hoist your mits. I've come to measure you for a wooden overcoat."

At nights after he had finished with the tractor and had his meal, the little kitchen would shake to heavy footsteps overhead, and flakes of whitewash would hop down on to the table to the accompaniment of ominous muffled growls.

That was Amos being sinister before the looking-glass, perfecting his technique against the great day.

SOMETIMES he would boil over with excitement with the conviction of his powers.

"It's in me," he would say emotionally, striking his breast. "It's in there. Dad—you'll see me on the screen one of these days."

His father was disappointed. There had been farmer Tuckers for three hundred years.

"Think of the land, Amos," he urged. "The young shoots, the turn of the seasons, harvest time. The land never lets you down."

But Amos was determined. Out of the weekly 10s. which remained to him he accumulated a new suit, a George Raft hat, and £20. And one morning he came down all dressed up and carrying a brand-new fibre suitcase. He was twenty, and ambition was at white heat.

The studios were out in the country, and Amos took a room on the edge of a suburb. Arriving on a Saturday afternoon he found them closed. He spent two hours just gaping at their deserted immensity, dreaming of the day when those gates would be opened to Amos Tucker's Rolls-Royce.

He was a bit staggered on Monday morning to find about five hundred people all milling and shoving outside the Casting Director's office.

"Extras," a girl told him, "waiting for a job."

"Extras?" He looked bewildered.

"Crowd-work," she nodded. "Two guineas a day, and I've been waiting five weeks." A smile twitched her lips as she looked at his suit. "You're new, aren't you?"

New, yes. But he'd had lots of experience. He mentioned the Reverend Budge, Henry Ainley. "The Bawtry Parva amateur dramatic society," he said.

She had a lovely smile. "I see." She giggled. "You're Mr. Deeds."

"No," he said solemnly, "Amos Tucker."

She looked at him. Very earnest, very patient, he was. Curly hair, an immense frame, powerful wrists, a magnificent tractor-man.

Suddenly there was a rush as the door opened, a cry as she was borne down. Amos used his elbows angrily, picked her up, rushed her forward.

Right through, up to the door, inside.

"No men," said a burly official, barring his way.

"Wait for me," she said breathlessly, "at the café."

She was radiant when she joined him. "I've got a job. Touring the country with a propaganda outfit. Town and country scenes, you know—This England—documentary stuff. I'm terribly grateful."

"So you're going?" he said.

"Not yet. A fortnight's time."

He looked at her wistfully. "When do you think they'll give me a test?"

"What can you do?" she asked.

"Killer-stuff," said Amos. "You know—the tough guy, the gangster." Amos suddenly stiffened, put on a sinister look, lowered his voice:

"Get a load of this, you double-crossing bum," he growled. "When that clock chimes the hour you're going to kiss yourself good-bye. O.K.? You got three minutes to say your prayers in."

MOLLY WADE averted her eyes.

"Was I good?" asked Amos.

"Good, yes. But thousands of people are good." Her eyes met his. "You're rather . . . desperate about this, aren't you?"

"I've got to get on the screen, just got to. I've sort of . . . lived for it. It's been on my mind for years, night and day. See what I mean?"

"I know. A kind of ache. Can you take a jolt?"

"Go ahead," said Amos.

"I don't think they'll ever give you a test."

He looked grim. "No? Well, we'll see about that."

"Have you got a job?"

"I threw it up. My dad's a farmer. I was his tractor-hand."

Her eyes shone. "What a pity."

"It was just," said Amos, "a pain in the neck to me. Everywhere I went I was seeing a cameraman, doing my stuff—stick 'em up, right up! Any funny stuff and I'll blow your guts out! And I'm good, I'm just a bit better than the other fellow. I know I am," cried Amos, desperately. "I must be. The parson——"

She shook her head. "It's the casting director who counts, Amos, not the parson."

He clenched his fists. "I've banked everything on this. I've sweated, and saved; I've laid awake thinking about it at nights. And now you say I won't get a test. By God, if I don't, something's going to happen!"

A week, a fortnight, three weeks—Amos Tucker had £10 left at the end of this time, and his spirits were sinking with every passing day.

About a fortnight ago he had succeeded in getting his name entered on a roster, but nothing had happened since to justify the hopes which had arisen from this fact.

And Molly had gone; was away with Propaganda Films, Limited, shooting the Manchester Ship Canal.

"I'VE been playing," she wrote, "the part of a bargee's daughter, and can take the tiller like an old hand. I do miss you, Amos dear, and I do so long to hear good news of you."

Money doesn't last for ever. There came a morning when Amos counted up his assets and found that he had exactly 2s. 3d. above his fare home. Rage and bitterness filled his breast as he pounded down to the studios. He was in a mood to wreck buildings.

So that Amos, when the door marked *Casting Director* opened, went in like a bullet out of a gun. He was a hefty young man. Over went two burly commissionaires, and right through into the office went Amos.

But the odds were against him. He didn't even have time to state his mission ere reinforcements arrived. Minus his hat, his collar ripped from his neck, he hit the ground outside like a falling monument.

"Now get out," said the voice of the leader. "Show your face inside these gates again and the cops'll get you."

In an empty compartment of the three-thirty train to Bawtry Parva, Amos thought of his boast. *It's in me. It's in there. Dad—you'll see me on the screen one of these days.* Beaten, humiliated, ashamed, he bowed his head as he imagined Tucker senior's sardonic eye.

But when his dad grasped him by the hand it was not like that at all.

"The land, Amos," he muttered, "the turn of the seasons, harvest time. Another week, and you'll be feeling real fussy with yourself."

The tractor bucked and rolled and rattled over the brown loam. Young Amos was turning her round in the straight furrows when he heard a cry:

"Amos, Amos! Look up!"

And Amos, electrified, looked up along the sweeping rise of the field. A girl came running, waving, laughing. Behind her, a van—Propaganda Films, Limited. And, right ahead of him, a cameraman turning the handle of his machine.

Amos Tucker grinned, squared his shoulders, sat up.

You'll see him on the screen one of these days.

Hitler's Thugs Cannot Hold These Men

FIFTY THOUSAND and more sailors, soldiers and airmen are being led to battle by the biggest man in the history of France—and I don't mean figuratively, for General de Gaulle stands 6 ft. 6 in. in his socks.

Fifty thousand may not seem much.

But every one of those men has battled through hell to go on fighting.

They have broken from prisons and concentration camps and chain gangs, in Germany, France, Spain, and Africa.

They have been hunted across continents by wolfhounds and *Gestapo* men, traitors and spies, and even by starved comrades whipped on by German lashes.

And some have tramped half round the world.

Their leader is of their kidney.

Wounded at Verdun, he escaped three times from a German prison camp in the last war, until the Germans flung him into solitary confinement.

And he is the man who, years ago, forecast the new type of warfare.

A Call to Arms

Only when it was too late—two weeks before France broke—Reynaud screamed for De Gaulle, made him a General and Under-Secretary for War, and told him to practise his theories.

He did.

And when, with a train of tanks behind him, he rounded the Germans out of Abbeville, he won the only French victory of the war.

Then, while the French Government was hiding in a farm, De Gaulle made his first political speech.

"Every Frenchman who carries arms," he cried, "has the absolute duty to continue fighting. . . . Soldiers of France, arise, wherever you may be!"

That was in June, 1940—and they have been flocking to his banner ever since.

Everywhere where brave men had or pretended to have a drop of French blood in them—and many had not!—there was a rush to the General's foreign legion.

Whole families of fishermen in Brittany chugged west in the family schooner to brave the great unknown. One shipload brought a heather plant from their cliffside garden, and it has been on De Gaulle's desk ever since.

Schoolboys, Too

They were not all hardened sweats.

Boys of sixteen and seventeen ran away from every college and school.

A cadet who had flown just fifteen hours in the seventeen years of his short life pieced together a plane from three smashed American machines, landed by mistake in a Vichy colony, took off again—and turned up in Gibraltar.

I have seen a youth who made his own 'plane in a cowshed.

I have sat on an English lawn entranced by the tale of four lads who stole a German motor-boat, rowed it two miles to avoid making a noise—and then found they could not work the motor.

So they hoisted a makeshift sail and tried to look for England. And as none of them had sailed before, it took them ten days to find it!

"I walked two hundred and fifty miles towards Switzerland," a petty officer told me as he leaned against the door of an abandoned stable, "and then they caught me." He chuckled. "But they couldn't keep me," he added.

So whatever you feel about France, just remember these things when next you see a sailor, a soldier or an airman whose shoulder bears the label of Free France.

GEORGE EDINGER.

The obstructive stupidity of the little Czech private is delightfully portrayed in this illustration from the Penguin Special: "The Good Soldier Schweik"

"Idiot" Puzzles a Bully

THE Good Soldier Schweik has popped up again.

But this time he is the nightmare of the Nazi oppressors of the Czech nation.

You remember the legendary figure? He was the creation of the popular Czech novelist and humorist, Jaroslav Haschek, who died, much too young, soon after the last war.

Schweik was the bugbear of the Habsburg monarchy.

In fact, he helped to destroy it.

And now he is helping to destroy the new tyrants.

It was the prototype of Schweik who made the Austrian army so inefficient during the last war; who undermined its morale until it collapsed.

★ Heydrich, Nazi murderer in Czechoslovakia, must be wondering if ghosts come to life, because a man who helped to defeat Germany last time seems to be back again!

By VICTOR SCHIFF

The police of the semi-autocratic Government of Vienna proved helpless against him.

Thomas Masaryk's and Eduard Benes' restless action from abroad would hardly have succeeded in liberating the Czech people had not the good soldier Schweik paved the way for them at home.

Jaroslav Haschek wrote several books about the exploits of his little Czech soldier in the Austrian army.

Schweik is a little man from a suburb of Prague.

He is absolutely stupid.

Or, rather, he always behaves like an idiot.

In fact, he only shams stupidity. Actually, he is a cunning, witty and malicious little man. But he is never at fault.

Simple-Minded Muddler

Whenever caught, or nearly caught, he presents such a genuinely idiotic face, and his explanations are so disarmingly simple-minded, and the stories which he tells are so dreadfully involved, that the questioning officers feel much more relieved than he does himself when the examination is over and they have thrown the "idiot" out of their room with a curse.

Twenty years after the Habsburg oppression had vanished, a new and much worse tyranny came over the people of Czechoslovakia.

But "The Good Soldier Schweik" is still alive.

He is no longer a private in the army.

He is a worker, or a postman, or a peasant, or a railwayman, or a grocer, or a publican—perhaps even a policeman.

He is ubiquitous.

Schweik is standing up, in his own inimitable way, to the new tyrants.

But his is a much more difficult and dangerous task than under the old ones.

Wicked as the Imperial police of the Habsburgs were, they were also lazy, muddle-headed and inefficient. They were child's play compared with the hard-working and methodical bullies imported from the Nazi Reich.

The Same Nightmare

And yet Schweik has become the nightmare also of the "master race."

The face which he presents is still so disarmingly innocent, the answers which he gives are still so exasperatingly stupid, the stories which he tells are still so incomprehensibly complicated, that even a *Gestapo* agent cannot endure it, lest he turns crazy himself.

Schweik is therefore again thrown out of the police room, as he was twenty-five years ago—this time, perhaps, not only with a curse but with a furious kick in the pants.

But, after rubbing his sore flesh, Schweik smiles again with his faked bread and stupid smile. For once again he has proved himself smarter than his masters.

Thus, entire goods trains with urgently needed munitions for the German armies in Russia roll slowly and safely in the opposite direction for days and weeks, until they are discovered side-tracked somewhere in the Bchemian mountains.

Telegrams are diverted, official mails delivered to the wrong addresses.

Skoda aero engines which have been thoroughly tested by Nazi engineers mysteriously break down after a short number of hours, just when the 'planes are flying over the Russian lines.

Shells drilled in the huge arms plants of Brno under the supervision of picked foremen imported from Germany burst inside the guns or land in the enemy lines as duds—God and Schweik alone know why.

The Invisible Hand

Railway tracks collapse under the weight of locomotives as the result of inexplicable landslides—and even the inquiring Nazi authorities are unable to discover the slightest evidence of foul play.

Yet it is the invisible hand of the ubiquitous good ex-soldier Schweik which is behind all that.

The more harmless he looks, the more deeply he hates.

The more stupidly he talks, the more cleverly he acts.

The stronger his alibis, the more probable his guilt.

Hitler has sacked Neurath because he proved incapable of mastering Schweik. Now the brute Heydrich is trying his hand on "that stupid Czech fellow."

It will be a hard time for Schweik.

He will be not only kicked in the pants, but struck in the face.

He will bleed, and suffer, in his flesh and in his pride.

But he will look more stupid than ever before; he will smile more broadly than he ever did.

For he knows that he is suffering for his beloved Czech nation, which will be free again—thanks to him, the eternal, indomitable, "Good Soldier Schweik."

TELEPATHY SOMETIMES EXPLAINS DREAMS

Says HUMANIST

READERS often write to ask me what their dreams signify.

Well, I cannot interpret a dream without a thorough knowledge of the dreamer. The rule-of-thumb explanations given in Dream Books are merely stupid.

One reader has some good sense on the subject:

For three nights in succession, in my dreams, I watched a coffin being lowered into a grave. My own name was on the plate, followed by the words: "In his fifty-second year."

I was just past my fifty-first birthday, so you can imagine how I felt about it, particularly as the dream was repeated with identical details.

I am now over fifty-four! The only moral to my little story is that it's foolish to be alarmed by dreams that seem to be evil omens.

★ ★ ★

The next is from a young woman:

A week ago I dreamt that a friend of mine, of whom I had not heard for a long time, came to see me. He brought a curious brooch with a design of water-lilies engraved on it.

Last night I did have a visit from him. He had been abroad on service and had only just arrived in the Home Country.

Imagine my surprise when he told me that he had bought a brooch for me at one of the foreign ports of call, but that it had been lost on the boat.

He said it was a curious thing and had a pattern of water-lilies!

Now, did my dream foretell the event? Or was it just a coincidence?

I think that telepathy may suggest a clue.

Perhaps the friend was thinking of the young woman when he bought the brooch and that somehow the thought was "wirelessed" to her as she slept.

Thought transmissions across great distance are known to take place between two people who are in sympathy.

For example, a shipwrecked sailor lad thinks of his mother while he is clinging to a raft in mid-ocean and his mother sees him in a vivid dream.

★ ★ ★

A young man puts me an interesting poser:

I saw a brown wallet lying on the pavement, picked it up and found inside two pound notes and a red stamp book.

Naturally I was pleased with my find—but I was also worried about it. I thought I had better report it, but just as I was entering the police station I awoke!

It is often said that one never dreams of things in colour. Yet in my dream the colours were unmistakable—the brown wallet, the blue pound notes, the red stamp book.

I can recall other colour dreams—gorgeous butterflies and scarlet flowers—and I remember a dream sunset in crimson and gold.

I fancy the majority of dreams are rather like the film *not* made in Technicolor. But there are exceptions—I have had some myself.

All the same, I should like to collect evidence from other readers.

★ ★ ★

Now let me turn to an entirely different problem:

My nephew is causing great concern to his parents because he blames them for his bad qualities.

He says all his vices are inherited and that he has no will of his own to resist them.

He disputes the idea of freewill. He says that heredity and environment have made him what he is, and that it is absurd to fight against the instincts within him.

That young man can't really believe his own arguments. If he goes out and drinks himself "blind" he cannot honestly believe that his father, two grandfathers, and four great-grandfathers compelled him to do it!

The notion that a man's whole character is determined by environment and heredity was common fifty years ago, but modern scientists do not accept it. The young fellow's ideas are out of date.

We may not have absolute freewill, but within limits we can choose. We do choose constantly. I chose this letter in preference to others.

No doubt there are reasons that influenced me for and against, but I had the casting vote!

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

GRUMBLING

LET us ration our grumbling to one grumble per day. The coupon's a frown, grey-edged with dismay. It's the dingiest coupon in Life's Ration Book, so whenever we use one let us make sure to look, and see if it's worth it, for each grumble should be used only to cover some harsh urgency; but folk won't waste their time with prick-kicking and whines when each grumble's divided by Time's dotted lines.

THERE'LL be some days we won't use those coupons at all—days when we've all got our back to Life's Wall, pulling our weight and going all out; then somehow there'll seem naught to grumble about. For the harder things are, the greater each heart; it's when Life's small and trivial we play a small part. But when there are great things at stake we don't care, how much sacrifice calls when the big goal is there.

SO let's ration our grumbles and shoulder our grief, for when burdens are heaviest we snatch our relief, in a stock of broad humour, though mad we may seem. But we go on again with Life's ache and its dream, and we go on again with Life's pain and its sweat, with its prayer, and its promise that God Won't Forget; and when the war's over and the World's Ration Free, we'll be thankful and grumble a bit, you and me.

J. M.

LIMITED IN SUPPLY... BUT NOT IN GOODNESS

"Walters' Palm" Toffee

DELIGHTS STRENGTHENS SUSTAINS

GO-SUCK A ZUBE!

4½D TINS and 8D or 3½D PER OZ.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS. SORE THROATS. SORE CHESTS

H. SAMUEL

FOR

Christmas Gifts!

H. Samuel Xmas Gifts are *now* to please — they're such marvels of craftsmanship and value! This year, unfortunately, the selection is smaller than in peacetime, due to Government Order limiting supplies, the fact that many of my craftsmen are now on war work, and all sorts of other manufacturing difficulties. I very much regret any disappointment or inconvenience to my customers, but the circumstances are, of course, quite beyond my control. Remember, these days, goldsmiths are gunsmiths! And precision tools *must* come before precision watches!

ALL BRANCHES NOW CLOSE AT

4 o'clock on Weekdays
12 o'clock midday on SATURDAYS
ALL DAY on Early Closing Days

H. SAMUEL
THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLER
99 FINE JEWEL SHOPS
Headquarters: Market Street, Manchester, 1

Mrs. E. was nervy, low— Now she's simply full of 'go'!

(Based on a letter recently received)

Mrs. E. tells us she was nervy and in a very low condition generally and had been feeling very bad for the past two months. She thought it was anaemia, but it was really *iron-starvation* as the sequel proved. "*One day I remembered*," says Mrs. E., "*that some years ago* IRON 'JELLOIDS' *put me right after an illness and I decided to try*

them again. IRON 'JELLOIDS' *are wonderful*," continues Mrs. E. "*I could not believe the difference they made. I now do my work with a new zest and my nerves are much better. I will recommend* IRON 'JELLOIDS' *whenever I can. I have never written a testimonial for anything else.*"

Mrs. E. remembered something no woman should forget — that IRON 'JELLOIDS' are a *reliable* tonic. But what Mrs. E. did not know was that the real cause of her low condition was *iron-starvation*. This was proved by the marvellous effect IRON 'JELLOIDS' had upon her. In war-time, all of us are more than ever likely to be *iron-starved*. Maybe you, too, feel listless, tired and nervy. If you do, suspect *iron-starvation* and *start taking* IRON 'JELLOIDS' *with your next meal*. You will soon begin to feel better every day, in every way.

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2 For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine).

make you feel better every day, in every way

Of all chemists and stores: 4/4 (including Purchase Tax)

Send postcard for FREE BOOK entitled "Iron-starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Some headings are: The Vital Importance of Iron—Iron-starvation, Woman's Worst Enemy—How Young Girls Suffer—The Danger to Expectant Mothers—Iron Better than any Beauty Treatment — The Iron-starved Man — The Iron-starved Child — etc. Address your postcard to The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., (Dept. JL128), Watford, Herts.

The word 'Jelloids' is a regd. trade mark

THE LAST LAUGH

S. R. (Reading).—"I have worn the same pair of trousers for a long time, but so long as the war lasts I am going to hang on to them." We hope they will continue to hang on to you.

C. V. (Sutton-in-Ashfield).—"Too much drinking hinders my work, so I am going to stop it." Which?

CROONER (Balham).—"After rendering several songs, I felt a sudden pain in the neck." Doubtless members of the audience had experienced the same thing some time previously.

V. L. (Manchester).—"I married my divorced husband a second time last week, after a separation of fifteen years. What have you got to say about that?" You didn't recognise him again till it was too late?

B. D. (Okehampton).—"We used to possess a very wise terrier. The animal seemed able to distinguish a decent person from a vagabond." See letter below.

MRS. D. (Okehampton).—"I had to dispose of our pet terrier for biting my husband." See letter above.

A. F. (Leighton Buzzard).—"I am a little more optimistic than I was." Will you admit now that every cloud has at least a silver-plated lining?

G. B. (Hildenborough). — "I sowed some of my vegetable seeds so deep that they didn't come up at all." But what a glorious triumph over the neighbours' hens.

C. L. W. (Goodmayes).—"Burglars broke into my studio but did not steal any pictures." You are probably hardened to that kind of criticism.

MRS. T. (Polesworth).—"My husband, who is a draughtsman, raged at me for three hours when I accidentally upset a bottle of ink over some plans he was working on." He didn't know where to draw the line.

R. D. (Merthyr).—"Peace may come rather quickly or it may come slowly." This is the sort of rash and unguarded statement that is dangerous at the present moment.

P. N. C. (Chelsea).—"Few people nowadays could make a fortune with their hands." Especially if they are anything like the ones we have been dealt recently.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Stop that talkin' in the ranks, you! And when the General's speakin' I don't want no mystery voice chippin' in"

BILLY (Haslemere).—"Can you send me £100? I am losing my reason." You're telling us!

S. B. Y. (Chatham).—"There are secrets of the kitchen that no wise wife will reveal to her husband." Where she keeps the matches hidden, for instance.

F. M. V. (Wallingford).—"I am told that it is possible to learn to swim indoors." This solves the problem of what to do until the plumber arrives.

CONDUCTOR (Peckham). — "The little boy asked for a twopenny fare and when I'd punched the ticket he discovered he'd lost the sixpence he had to pay for it. I was sorry for him and presented him with the ticket, but he was not very grateful." Did he ask for the fourpence change as well?

N. E. (Barking).—"Would it be in order for me to call at your office next Saturday afternoon?" Yes, we shan't be there.

H. M. (Hitchin).—"The war should be brought home to a lot of women I know." But surely they're now expected to carry their own parcels to save labour?

MRS. V. (Mexborough).—"Nowadays, many men do not stop out at night because of the risk they run." On reaching home?

Side-Slips

BARKING, EAST HAM AND STRATFORD EXPRESS:—". . . and then partook of the day's meal, consisting of boiled beef, carrots, potatoes, peas pudding, semolina pudding and jam SOURCE."

MERTHYR EXPRESS:—"They carried bouquets of sweet PETS."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"Canadian BANKERS are no longer selling sliced loaves."

GREATEST OF THESE

Ever since the last war, Albert Abbs, a Norfolk ex-Serviceman, has suffered from chronic bronchitis.

He dreads the winter more and more, as he often has to stand off work for two or three months through illness.

Up to the beginning of the present war, his wife let furnished apartments during the summer, and so earned enough to cover rent and rates.

That source of income has now ceased for the duration, and however much they strive this couple have been unable to keep out of debt, heavy rent arrears being the most pressing problem.

When well enough, Mr. Abbs works as jobbing gardener, and the reference in our possession states that he is "hard-working, honest, and of sober habits."

Will you give this old soldier a helping hand to clear off the rent arrears which worry him so much?

Donations, earmarked "Arrears," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Result of "BULLETS" 1,296

FIRST PRIZE £50.

E. J. Fishlock, 68, Hartley Downs, Purley, Surrey. Example: ABOVE THE DIN
Bullet: GORDON DEFENDER CURSING MOSQUITO!

£20: Mrs. K. Ward, 76, Hartlepool Road, Coventry. Example: Her Boy's In The Army, He
Bullet: "Shaving Soap" In Pottery.

£10: H. Lock, 9, Hollingbourne Gardens, Ealing, W.13. Example: Not To Be Captured
Bullet: Will "Take Every Him."

£5: G. Armstrong, 14, Canterbury Ave., Marton, Blackpool. Britain's Story—Hitler's "Thumb" Hasn't "Got."

£4: C. H. Simms, 20, Surrey Road, Reading. Kissing The Dust—Adam's Protester—"Sunset" Approaching.

£3: W. H. Martin, 139, Carholme Road, Lincoln. Won't Stop Hitler—An Green "Haglet," Amalen!

£2: Mrs. R. Shakespeare, 50, Hollins Ave., Crossbank, Waterhead, Oldham. Stabbing Every Hundo—Brushes—Keeping Hounds In!

10s.: F. Tibbler, East Hetton, Coxhoe, Co. Durham. Shadow Of Loneliness—A "Sunny" Smile Removes.

10s.: Pte. J. C. Doyle, 10th Bn., The Welsh, Somewhere-in-Britain. Victory For Books—"Bunny" Now Pottery "Queen."

10s.: H. Skinner, 20, Stanley Park, Litherland, Liverpool. Stabbing Every Hundo—In Guy's Hark, Lookout.

10s.: J. Beard, 77, Pendry X Lane, St. Helens, Lancs. Bat Enough—Employing Unemployed—"Employ" Employed!

10s.: G.S. Kerswell, 98, Thurlby Rd., Wembley, Middx. Stranded In Snowy—The Army Hole's Plans!

A list of 3 Winners of 20s., 20 Winners of 5s. and 60 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

3 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 248

WINNING WORDS:—1, Jay. 2, Bible. 3, Blab. 4, Say. 5, Bell. 6, Pig. 7, Tough. 8, Hind. 9, Gap or Hap. 10, Stupid. 11, Lime. 12, Goblin, Gamble or Golfer. 13, Wit. 14, Gone.

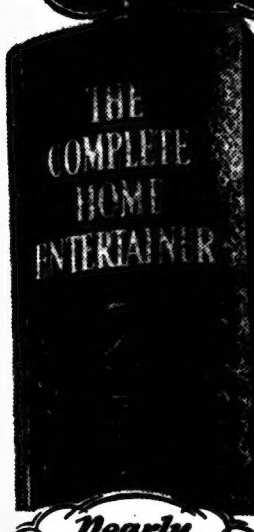
£100 Winner:—F. G. Alexander, 5, Tilmouth Road, Southampton. £25 Runner-up: Albert Gubbs, Hide Road, Kingsbury, Wembley, Middx. £10: J. Brocklesby, 8, Fernlea Road, Walkerville, S.17.

Runners-up Awards, value £60, shared between 4 entrants.

XMAS PRIZES SEE PAGE OPPOSITE

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW BOOK OFFER!

THE COMPLETE HOME ENTERTAINER



LAST CHANCE

FOR THE BOOK TO KEEP YOU & THE FAMILY HAPPY & ENTERTAINED DURING THE LONG BLACKOUT EVENINGS

Nearly 1,000

ways of entertaining yourself, your friends and the children

- GET-TOGETHER GAMES
- FUN ROUND THE FIRESIDE
- THRILLS AND MYSTERY
- STUNTS AND JOKES
- CHARACTER QUIZZES
- ONE MINUTE TEASERS
- CARD WIZARDRY
- INTELLIGENCE TESTS
- SONGS
- BOARD AND TABLE GAMES
- CONJURING
- CARD GAMES
- CHILDREN'S OWN SECTION
- Etc. Etc. Etc.

ENORMOUS SUCCESS! Everybody wants it! So tremendous is the demand for "JOHN BULL'S" Great Wartime Book Opportunity—"THE COMPLETE HOME ENTERTAINER"—that this offer must now be withdrawn. This is definitely your LAST CHANCE! If you have not already secured your copy of this book you must do so AT ONCE!

Here is just the thing for winter, Christmas-time and long black-out evenings.

This work, never before published, contains over **500 pages, 125,000 words**, practically **400 pictures and ONE THOUSAND games, pastimes and songs!** Entertainment for every one from eight to eighty.

You would consider this work a real bargain at half a guinea or more, but it should be in every home now—**at once**—and JOHN BULL is making it available at a low privilege price. Owing to wartime paper restrictions **supplies of this work are strictly limited.** Applications dealt with in strict rotation. To make sure of your copy of this wonderful work—now on the press—you **must** reserve it IMMEDIATELY. You send no money now for your volume, but you **must** post the **final** Order-Label below TO-DAY.

WHY YOU WILL WANT THIS BOOK

Never before has relaxation meant so much to everyone. To have something happy and amusing to do helps each one of us to carry on. With this wonderful book you can entertain yourself or a host of friends. In addition to the games, here are secrets of a successful party.

DON'T FORGET THE CHILDREN

A whole section of this book is devoted specially to games for the kiddies. Every woman with young evacuees staying with her over Christmas should make certain to get this book to keep them amused.

Size 8½" × 5½", bound Blue, Morocco-Grained Book-cloth, title embossed on spine in Gold.

All you need after you receive your Invoice is 3/6, plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc., making 4/6 in all.

"THE COMPLETE HOME ENTERTAINER"

A penny stamp MUST be affixed firmly here by you.

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.B.2. 15/11/41.

DO THIS NOW!

Fill in final Order-Label (on right). Affix penny stamp to space provided for your Special Privilege Invoice and printed matter; post at once in an unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp to:—

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., "THE COMPLETE HOME ENTERTAINER," Book Dept. J.B.2, KINGS LANGLEY, HERTS.

On receipt of Order-Label, you will be sent an Invoice which you ought back, together with your remittance, and your volume will be dispatched, carriage paid, to your home, as soon as it is off the press.

Fynnon Salt

washes away rheumatic acids

"Dear Sirs,—For years I suffered with lumbago, gout and sciatica, also corpulence. I am 63 years old. I commenced taking Fynnon Salt about 3 years ago. I was then just over 17 stone in weight. I am now 15 stone and the trouble has been eliminated from my system. If sufferers will give Fynnon Salt a trial they will be delighted."—F.F.S.

You, too, will be delighted with Fynnon Salt if you are suffering from any form of rheumatism. Fynnon will wash away your rheumatic acids—the cause of the trouble. Large tin 1/3 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. Including Purchase Tax.

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

TRY A FORTNIGHT ON FYNNON

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middx.

SCO

The Magic Oven Cleaning Powder

CLEANS COOKERS Quickly

Sco removes hard baked on grease from ovens, burners, shelves, grids, etc., without scouring or scrubbing. Sco is odourless, speedy, efficient, economical. NO BRUSH REQUIRED.

6d Per Tin. STILL PRE-WAR PRICE

BUY IT AT WOOLWORTH'S

FALSE TEETH

6,000 DENTISTS CAN'T BE WRONG—

AND THEY SAY THAT

in all their professional experience the *best* thing they have found for holding an upper or lower denture tightly and comfortably in place is 'Dentesive.' It comes in a tube—sanitary, economical, quickly applied. *One application lasts all day.* Holds longer. Holds firmer. Eat anything you like. No food can get underneath your plate—'Dentesive' seals the edges. It's almost like having your own teeth back again. Experience for yourself the *guaranteed* comfort, confidence and absolute security of this *improved* fixative. 7½d. and 1/3 per tube at all chemists.

XMAS PUDDINGS £100 CASH 1ST PRIZE £25 VALUE IN RUNNERS-UP AWARDS

FOR X-WORDS—ONE WITH EVERY PRIZE!

For result of Xword No. 248, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No 252

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.					3p	3p	3p
1 Clue proves powerful barrier to advancing enemy.				I	RE			
2 This of hair has given some men an uncomfortable time			L		CK			
3 Is frequently locked up to save trouble		CHE		T				
4 Service in the Home Guard helps a man to be this			HA		DY			
5 If suspect doesn't answer questions readily, police are entitled to think him			S	Y				
6 It's hardly possible fully to realise what this is like unless it's high			GA		E			
7 Inadequate one may well flurry political candidate					OTE			
8 There's often a whole apple in little one			PI					
9 It's important young reporter should learn to do this with speed required		COP						
10 Hard fighter is marked by these			S		ARS			
11 Men have had to struggle hard to win			CR		ST			
12 Workmen about house like to know that on this there's boiling kettle for them					OB			
13 Whatever science student's special line, it's good to know a little about			M		THS			
14 Bellowing of drill sergeant may well put his men into this		STE						

FREE ENTRIES Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 24.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 3d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. ', write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated December 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

CASH XMAS CAKES XMAS DINNERS!

£50 CASH plus £20 CASH plus £10 CASH plus XMAS DINNER for 8 People

OTHER AWARDS £5 £4 £3 £2

£1.10 VALUE 50 FINE XMAS CAKES

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,296 appears on page 14

THE GOVERNMENT'S BUSINESS
SCRAP OF PAPER
THERE'S A WAR ON, SO
GERMAN EAGLE
GAP IN THE HOME FRONT
ONE MAN
UNCEASING
ONCE WE START
TO BE HONEST
FULL OF FIGHT
WITHOUT FLINCHING
TERRORISM

PROBLEM OF MAN-POWER
MESS AND MUDDLE
FRIENDLESS
BURNING QUESTION
PILE UP THE MUNITIONS AND
FATAL ERROR
FOOLISH MOTHER
TROUBLE IN THE FACTORY

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WHEN WE'RE.....
TOO MUCH TO.....
TO FINISH THE .....
STRONGER THAN .....
DESERVES A .....
SWINDLING THE.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

TWO FREE ENTRIES may be enclosed with each four paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... Re.....

Signed .....

Address .....

1,300 Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 24

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,300—or Xword No. 252, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

POINT RATIONING FOR CERTAIN FOODS

On November 17 the Ministry of Food will begin a great "fair-shares" scheme for helping the housewife. It will put some valuable *new* foods into the market, and bring back others. Better still, the scheme will ensure that they are shared out fairly. It will give the housewife who goes to work a proper chance with her shopping basket.

The new scheme on November 17 will apply to canned meats, canned fish, and canned beans.

How will you get your fair share?

These foods have been assigned "points" in much the same way as clothes have. You will be given coupons in a Points Ration Book which will entitle you to spend up to a certain number of points every four weeks.

For the four-week period starting Nov. 17–Dec. 14 you will have coupons adding up to sixteen points. You can use these coupons *where* you please: there will be no registration. You can use them *when* you please in the four-week period—and on *what* you please within your sixteen points.

Here is a summary of the foods in the scheme and their values in "Points per pound":—

16 points per 1 lb. net.
Solid pack canned meats (other than corned beef, corned mutton and corned pork), including:—Tongues; Briskets; Australian Minced Meat Loaf; Australian or New Zealand Canned Rabbit; Eire Stewed Steak; U.S.A. Luncheon Meat; Canned Pork; Canned Sausage Meat.

Canned Salmon; Crayfish; Lobster; Crab; Tunny; Sardines.

12 points per 1 lb. net.
All other canned fish (mainly herrings and pilchards).

8 points per 1 lb. net.
All canned home-produced meat products (other than pastes and soups) and Eire ready meals. Ready meals; Meat rolls; Galantines.

4 points per 1 lb. net.
Canned beans in sauce or gravy—home-produced and imported.

The scheme covers all these foods whether they are sold in their containers or in slices or "loose."

How to get your Points Ration Book

To obtain your Points Ration Book simply present your main ration book at *any* Food Office, or at any of the Local Distribution Offices which have been arranged throughout the country. Posters giving addresses of these Food Offices are displayed in all Post Offices, and elsewhere.

Food Facts No. 67 *Issued by The Ministry of Food, London, W.1.*

I had needed PHOSFERINE for years

Colliery Official's tribute.

"I have been a colliery official for a number of years" *writes H. C. of Doncaster,* "the responsibility of the job causing me to suffer with my nerves, resulting in loss of sleep and having to be off work. I tried Phosferine and—after the first bottle I knew I had found what I had needed for years—I am happy and content."

When your strength is running low ten drops or two tablets of Phosferine will help to turn the tide. This really great tonic brings back the full flood of vitality and self-confidence.

Try it to-day.

PHOSFERINE

TABLETS OR LIQUID, 1/4, 3/3, & 5/4

(Including Purchase Tax)

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/3 size is nearly four times the 1/4 size, you save 2/-.

Still in the picture

Nowadays although you may not be able to get Selo Films quite as readily as in normal times, they are still available to the public. Selo Films, as you know, are unsurpassed for results—so they are worth hunting for!

And when Ilford Limited can again devote all its energies to your needs, British Made Selo films and other Ilford photographic products will once more be obtainable everywhere, and will be found, as before, the best in the world.

SELO *films*

BRITISH MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED, MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF SENSITISED PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, ILFORD, LONDON.

For Blood, Veins Arteries and Heart

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of *'Elasto,' the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.* Get a supply from your chemist or write for a Free Sample and Booklet.

'ELASTO' (Dept. 153M), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

'Elasto' is sold by Chemists everywhere.

SHARP'S THE WORD!
IN THE FACTORIES WE SAY—
SPEED IT UP!!
Whichever way you say it, the fact is we are all "All Out" for Victory. Enjoy Sharp's Toffee while you are working, and even if you can't get any for the moment, keep working. Remember, Sharp's the word for Victory, and Sharp's the Toffee too.
"Eston" Toffee 5d. per ½ lb.
Sharp's

Your Chemist recommends—

CALVEX

BRAND CARBOLIC OINTMENT

'YOUR FIRST AID'

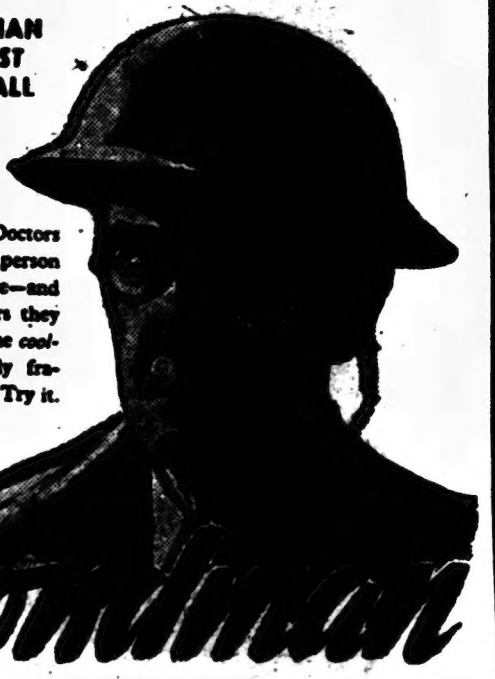
A very effective remedy for burns, scalds, chilblains, chapped hands, chafed skin, piles, ulcers, and other skin ailments.

CALVEX BRAND OINTMENT

A CALVERT PRODUCT

MEN OF *COOL* COURAGE . . .

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL



In an emergency Doctors turn to the coolest person present for assistance—and in their leisure hours they turn to Bondman the *coolest* and most freshly fragrant of all smokes. Try it.

LLOYDS'

Bondman

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz.

EMPIRE BLEND . . . . 1/5½ per oz.

TOBACCO

IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1

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J.B.L. 282 ★ 189